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THE EVENING STAR.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear:
Or hanging o'er that mirror stream,
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry light,
Her rays can never vie with thine:
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers,
That soon the sun will rise again.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR all the deer-stalking, his thoughts and his heart had flown back to Ballyfloe, and he was wondering whether Floris had gone to bed, or whether she was still up.

When he got back, he resolved, he would insist upon her "naming the day," and it should be a speedy day!

He sat building castles in the fire, dreaming over the life of happiness that seemed so certain for him with Floris by his side! How joyous an existence he would carve out of the future for her!

They should travel; he would take her the old familiar continental round, and then settle down in Norman Holme; he and she! He and she!

Thinking and dreaming, and little recking that as he dreamt his pleasant dream, Floris was being whirled away from him he fell asleep.

The fire died out, and Lord Harry, who was still awake, was wondering whether he dared rouse him and persuade him to go to bed, when Lord Norman started awake, and sprang to his feet with Floris's name on his lips.

The boy sat up, half alarmed by the sudden cry, and was wholly alarmed when he saw that Lord Norman's face was deathly pale, and that he was staring into vacancy with something like horror in his eyes.

"What is it Norman," he ventured to ask.

Lord Norman shook himself and forced a smile.

"Sorry I woke you, Harry," he said, and his voice trembled slightly; "but I have had a stupid kind of dream, if it was a dream, for I did not know I had fallen asleep."

"Yes, you have been asleep," said the boy; "I have been watching you, and had almost made up my mind to wake you."

"By Heaven, I wish you had, then!" he returned, trying to laugh. "It serves me right for not going to bed. Go to sleep, Harry, and accept my apologies."

And he laughed again, but there was not much mirth in his laugh; and when he had thrown his coat off, he sank into the chair again and sat staring at the dead fire.

"I say, hadn't you better go to bed, and not sit down again?" suggested Harry.

Lord Norman started and looked round, then he rose and began pacing the narrow room.

"Harry," he said, smiling, "I am afraid to go to bed, and that's the truth. Something we had for dinner must have disagreed with me; or is it the air? The highlands are the places for strange dreams, you know."

"What sort of a dream was it?" inquired Harry, sitting up, and regarding his hero sympathetically. "You—don't be offended—you called out Miss Carlisle's name as you woke."

Lord Norman came and stood beside the boy's bed, and looked down at him with a troubled gravity through the forced smile.

"Yes, Harry, I dreamt of Miss Carlisle. I dreamt that she and I were parted. You see I don't mind telling you, because it is absurd! That we were parted for ever—that I had lost her in some great crowd, and that I felt I should never see her again."

The boy eyed him with rapt attention and awe.

"It is absurd, isn't it, Norman?" he said. "I—I wouldn't let it upset me, if I were you. You won't dream again if you go to bed and get to sleep."

Lord Norman glanced at the bed, and shuddered.

"I'll try another cigar," he said. "But don't you keep watch. You see, it is I who am the nuisance, after all."

"I'll get up and sit with you," said Harry, wrapping a shawl round him; but Lord Norman would not permit him to do that, and lighting his cigar, went back to his chair.

But he could not rest. The dream had been so vivid that it haunted him. He saw Floris drifting away from him, heard her voice wailing to him from across a vast crowd, felt that she was fading away from him for ever.

As the dreary minutes grew his unrest grew with them, and at last he got up with the fixed determination to ride back to Ballyfloe at once!

It was a mad resolution, but the madder it seemed the firmer hold it took upon him.

He felt that he must get back to her at all costs. He would make some excuse, any excuse, but back he would go, and at once.

Putting on his coat, he took a light and went noiselessly downstairs. He knew the place well, and made his way to the loft, where the Highland servants were sleeping in their clothes, ready to spring up at a moment's warning.

Threading his way amongst the sleeping forms he singled out a man who had been his attendant on many previous stalkings, and gently shook him by the shoulder.

The man sprang up at once, and regarded him almost unwinkingly.

"Donald," said Lord Norman, "come downstairs, will you?"

The man followed him without a word.

"Look here, Donald," he said, as carelessly as he could, "I want to return to Ballyfloe at once. Can it be done?"

The man stared at him for a moment with astonishment.

"Ballyfloe, my lord!" he said, scratching his head. "'Deed, and I fear not. The horses are tired out, and the way's long. I will go and see, my lord, but——" and he shook his head.

They went to the stable, and a glance at the horses convinced Lord Norman that it was impossible.

"The best of 'em 'ud break down half way, my lord, and where would we be then?"

Lord Norman nodded.

"Never mind, Donald," he said; "say nothing about it, please," and giving the man some money he went upstairs to his room again.

The cold night air had somewhat cleared his brain and dispelled the dream, and half-ashamed of the effect it had produced, he threw himself on the bed and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke Lord Harry was standing beside him watching him anxiously.

"Oh, all right," he said, as Lord Norman started up. "They sent up to call us, but I meant to give you till the last moment. Are—are you better?—did you have a good rest?"

Lord Norman laughed. The dream and his mad resolution arising from it, seemed very stupid and "thin" in the clear morning light.

"Oh, yes, Harry," he said, "I am all right this morning! I am afraid I disturbed you last night with my nonsense, but as the man said when the Indians took his scalp, 'it won't occur again!' Called us, have they? Then there isn't too much time," and he sprang out of bed.

With unusual energy he busied himself getting the things together, determined that the dream should not haunt him through the day, whatever it had done by night, and when they went down to breakfast he seemed in excellent spirits.

It was a noisy breakfast party; most of the men taking their coffee and broiled ham and eggs standing, and as the sun rose from behind the hills, they set out, themselves on foot, the gillies bringing up the rear with the horses.

As he had promised, Lord Norman chose Harry for his companion, and, accompanied by Donald, they took the line allotted to them, and commenced the day's work in a glow of pleasant excitement.

The country was as familiar to Donald as Fleet Street was to Dr. Johnson, and with the cunning of a Red Indian, he guided them to the most likely spot for the big game.

In silence the men crept from sheltering rock to sheltering rock, Donald's keen eyes always on the look-out for the vision of a pair of antlers between them and the blue sky.

About noon, as they were lying hidden in a little hollow with their guns in their hands, Donald made a slight motion with his hand, and presently a stag moved from behind the hills in front of them and came proudly into the valley.

Harry, watching his hero, saw him press himself, as it were, into the ground, and followed his example.

The eyes of the three men were glued on the approaching Monarch of the Glen, their hearts beating so fast that the boy fancied the stag must hear them and take flight.

Slowly, haughtily, the beautiful creature advanced, then, while still out of range, turned and threw up its head, as if scenting the air.

There was a moment of awful suspense for the silent watchers; then the stag appearing reassured, moved slightly round, still advancing.

The moment he came within range Norman turned his eyes on Harry, and formed the word "fire" with his lips.

The boy hesitated; it was too generous a sacrifice.

He looked at Lord Norman questioningly then seeing that he might accept the offer, took aim, and—missed.

Donald growled; but at the same instant Lord Norman fired, and the stag leaped into the air and fell prone on its side.

Lord Harry with a boy's enthusiasm, sprang to his feet with a triumphant shout, and dashed towards it.

Now it does not follow that because a stag falls he is dead!

Donald and Lord Norman, knowing the danger, shouted warningly; but Lord Harry, misunderstanding them, kept on his way and had reached the stag, when it sprung to its feet then and charged full at him.

It was an awful sight. The beast looked monstrous in its savage fury, and the boy seemed paralyzed.

All would have been over with him had he not fortunately caught his foot in the heather and slipped at the moment the stag would have reached him, and instead of striking him the beast went clean over his prostrate form.

In an instant it turned to renew the attack, but by this time Lord Norman had come up, and standing over the boy, raised his gun by the stock to strike the animal.

There was one confused mingling of man and stag—an awful crashing sound, as of broken bones, and Lord Norman went down as if felled by a tree.

Then, and not till then, dared Donald venture to fire and bring the great beast down, and it fell without a groan, and dead this time, right across Lord Norman's body.

It had all happened in so short a space of time that the poor boy stood staring with white face and starting eyes, scarcely realizing the consequence of his inexperience.

Donald, with savage Highland imprecations, dragged the stag from the prostrate form of Lord Norman, and raised his head, and Lord Harry fell on his knees beside him.

"Oh! what have I done—what have I done?" he cried. "Is he dead, Donald? Oh! Donald, Donald—what shall we do now?"

"Hand your tongue, and give me the flask, mon!" said Donald savagely. "If the laird be dead, he's give his life for yo, that's sure enough; the beastie would have killed thee. Unloose his neckcloth, and run to the brook we passed for some water. Get it in your cap. And shout wi' all yo strength as ye go."

Poor Lord Harry bounded off, shouting at the top of his voice; but the hills seemed to echo his cry for help with infinite mockery. When he came back Lord Norman was still unconscious.

His face and breast were covered with blood, flowing from wounds in his head and neck, and Donald could not give any opinion as to the extent of his injuries.

Neither the water nor the brandy would restore Lord Norman to consciousness, and for the first time in his life the sturdy old Highlander looked at a loss.

"No, no, he's not dead, mon," he said, in reply to Lord Harry's frenzied inquiries; "but I'd like to see him come to! Climb yonder hill there, and fire your gun, and shout; maybe some of the party will be near and come over and help us."

Lord Harry snatched up his gun and tore off, and Donald washed the wounds as well as he could with the little water he had, and forced some brandy through the clenched lips.

The stag had struck a ferocious blow—his last in this life—and the antlers had broken Lord Norman's skull, and cut his neck and breast to a fearful extent. The thick coat was slashed and torn as if it had been divided by a keen-edged knife.

Presently, while Donald was eyeing the stalwart frame and wondering whether it would be possible for him to carry it any distance, he heard the voices of men shouting from behind the hill, and in a few moments Lord Harry returned at full speed.

"They are coming!" he panted. "Thank Heaven, they are coming! Oh, Donald, what shall I do? Some more water!" and off he ran again.

The approaching figure proved to be Sir Joseph and a servant with a pony. Sir Joseph's distress at sigh of the unconscious bleeding figure of Lord Norman was almost as great as Lord Harry's; but there was no time lost in idle bewailing.

Carefully and tenderly they lifted the wounded man and placed him across the pony, Donald and Sir Joseph supporting

him in as easy a position as possible, and the mournful cortege then started for the hut.

They could only go at a walking pace, and the way seemed interminable, but at last they reached the hut, and Lord Norman was carried into the room which last night he had paced with presentiments of coming ill thick upon him.

One of the men was dispatched on the fleetest horse to Ballyfloe for medical assistance—fortunately there happened to be a young doctor amongst the guests—and Lord Norman was carefully undressed and his wounds bound and attended to.

Towards evening he recovered consciousness.

Opening his eyes he fixed them on Sir Joseph, who stood beside him with a troubled expression, and his lips moved.

Sir Joseph bent down and caught the word.

"Floria!"

He understood in a moment.

"It is all right, my dear Norman. I have sent to Ballyfloe, of course, but my man is intelligent and will not alarm Miss Carlisle."

Lord Norman panted forth a sigh of relief, then his brows knit as if he were striving to remember something, and he murmured—

"Harry!"

The boy had implored them to allow him to remain in the room, and Sir Joseph beckoned him forward.

"He is all safe!" he said.

Lord Norman smiled, as the boy fell on his knees beside the bed, and gently stretched out his hand, which poor Lord Harry seized and pressed miserably.

These efforts, slight as they were, proved too great, and Lord Norman instantly relapsed into unconsciousness.

So there he lay, helpless in mind and body, while Floria—hundreds of miles away—was by her mother's bedside, and separated from him, alas! by more than miles.

Certainly evil chance had favored Lady Blanche, and—"the wicked were flourishing!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE brougham whirled Josine back from the station, and she made her way at once to Lady Blanche.

Her ladyship was lying down on the couch in her room, and merely turned her head as Josine entered; her face was very pale, and there were dark marks under the eyes, telling of the agony of suspense and actual fear she had endured.

"Well?" she said, her dark-drown eyes resting on Josine's face with feverish, haughty impatience.

Josine smiled, and began taking off her gloves as she would have done in the presence of an equal, and Lady Blanche flushed as she noticed the action.

"It is all right, miladi!" said Josine. "Fortune has favored us, and Miss Carlisle has gone to London, to—ah, who cares where?—by the afternoon train!"

Lady Blanche drew a breath of relief and turned her face away.

"Oh, yes, our little comedy has finished splendidly," went on Josine; "and it deserved to, for it was admirable conceived and carried out. But, ah Heaven, the trouble it was to convince mademoiselle that milord could be false!"

Lady Blanche leant her face on her hand and frowned.

"You think that all is safe," she said coldly, "whereas I can see that we are at only the beginning of the affair. Do you think that Lord Norman will not write to her—follow her? Josine, I fear that this will end badly. I am sorry that—that I was tempted to have anything to do with it." And she began to pace the room.

Josine looked at her rather contemptuously.

"Miladi loses courage when the battle is over," she said. "Bah! there is little sense in that. Pardon!"—for Lady Blanche had turned on her with fierce hauteur—"Pardon but is it not true, miladi? Is not mademoiselle gone never to return?"

Lady Blanche smiled bitterly.

"My poor girl," she said, scornfully; "I fear that she will return, all too quickly, and that our punishment will be as speedy. Lord Norman is no fool—not a girl to be deceived and bullied——"

"Bullied no, perhaps; but deceived, yes!" retorted Josine, showing her teeth. "Any man can be deceived, miladi. Bah! it is easier than deceiving a woman."

"You may try," said Lady Blanche, grimly. "And first, you will have to account for Miss Carlisle's absence. I have been going over the whole shameful business while you have been away, and I wish to Heaven that I had had nothing to do with it!"

The reaction had set in after the time of excitement; and fear, actual fear, had taken possession of Lady Blanche.

"To account for mademoiselle's sudden flight is easy. I have two reasons," said Josine. "First here is this."

And she took the telegram and laid it on the table.

Lady Blanche glanced at it and turned pale.

A sharp pang of pity, actual pity for Floria, shot through her heart, and then it turned to stone again.

She pushed the telegram away with her white hand petulantly, impatiently.

"Lord Norman will follow her immediately he returns from Scarfross," she said with an air of conviction.

"Ah, well then, he must not see this telegram!" rejoined Josine. "And now for the other reason for mademoiselle's disappearance. What if we say that she went off with Milord Clifforde——"

Lady Blanche stared at her as if she thought the girl had taken leave of her senses.

"Gone off with Lord Clifforde!" she repeated. "What use would be such a lie as that, which would be detected at once!"

"But it is no lie!" said Josine, coolly enjoying the amazement she had excited. "It is certain that Miss Carlisle was met at the station by Milord Clifforde, for I saw him!"

Lady Blanche smiled contemptuously.

"No one will believe that, my good girl!" she said.

Josine shrugged her shoulders.

"On my bare word? Perhaps no! But all the same, Milord Clifforde was there, and traveled to London in the same car with Miss Carlisle! Others saw him—the porter—the guard, who knew him——"

Lady Blanche sprang to her feet, pale and breathless.

"Can it be possible?" she murmured.

Josine laughed.

"It is quite true, miladi! It was a strange coincidence, certainly; a happy chance. Accident is favorable to us, is it not? Now see, what is easier than to put this telegram on the fire—so"—she flung the telegram in the grate as she spoke—"and to say that we know nothing excepting that a telegram did come from someone or somewhere, and that Miss Carlisle did start for London at once, and that Milord Clifforde met her at the station. I make no accusations! No, Heaven forbid!" she went on, with a smile. "I say nothing! Ah, no, I'll not say the telegram came from Milord Clifforde! Certainly not! I do not say that it was an appointment their meeting at the train; but—others will. All the ladies here who love scandal, and Milord Norman will believe them!"

Lady Blanche stood regarding her with breathless intentness.

"I shall tell no lies!" said Josine coolly. "I shall tell the truth—all but excepting the telegram. That I know nothing about, save that it came! You see, miladi, that the trump cards are all in our hands; we have just to play them, soh!"

Lady Blanche sank into her chair again.

Suppress the telegram! Another crime! Step by step she was sinking to the lowest depths of deceit and mental depravity.

And yet what could she do? She had set out upon the sea of falsehood, and must drift, drift, drift with the tide of circumstance.

She must decide at once. In a short time—an hour or two—the party would have returned from the Cascades, and Floria's absence would have to be accounted for.

With a troubled frown she got up, and going to her jewel-case took out a bundle of notes.

Almost solemnly she held them out to Josine, who stood watching her with glittering eyes.

"Take these," she said; "it is the reward we agreed upon. I give them to you willingly—you have earned them. But from this moment I will have nothing more to do with the affair. I know nothing about Miss Carlisle's flight, and will say nothing, remember that! Tell what lies you please, account for her absence in any way that suits you best, but do not expect me to help you or to bear out any of your statements. From this moment I wash my hands of the business!" And she turned away.

Josine laughed.

"That is well said, miladi! Truly now is the time for miladi to wash her hands of the affair, now the affair is done."

Lady Blanche started.

"All is over and finished—yes! And it is quite wise of miladi to know nothing and say nothing; for her the consequences will work out themselves. And as to Josine—well, she will know nothing, absolutely nothing; and as to Monsieur Raymond ——"

Lady Blanche started; for the moment she had almost forgotten him.

"He too will be very glad to forget! I am going now miladi. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Lady Blanche shook her head, and Josine, with a respectful curtsey, departed.

Two hours afterwards the party from the Cascades returned.

Lady Blanche could hear them laughing on the terrace outside, and at the sound of their voices a spasm of fear shook her.

How should she face them all, she, with so black a secret, so heavy a load of sin upon her bosom?

Josine, calmly and demurely putting out Lady Betty's evening attire, smiled as she she heard them outside.

To her the whole thing was a keen enjoyment and in anticipation she was revelling in Lady Betty's astonishment and perplexity.

Presently they came trooping upstairs, and Lady Betty entered the room.

"We are late, Josine!" she said; "we must be quick."

"Certainly, miladi. Has miladi had a pleasant day?"

"It has been delightful, Josine," said Lady Betty, who had enjoyed herself immensely, and was in the best of spirits. "Delightful! I am so sorry that Miss Carlisle was not with us. How is she?"

"Better, miladi. Mademoiselle has gone out," demurely.

"Gone out!" said Lady Betty, slipping off her habit. "I'm glad of that; it will do her good. But she ought to be in by this time, or she will be awfully late for dinner."

"Miladi misunderstands me," said Josine, suavely; "mademoiselle has gone, has left Ballyfloe."

Lady Betty turned, and stared at her.

"Left Ballyfloe! Miss Carlisle! Now don't be an idiot, Josine. What do you mean?"

Josine pretended to be aggrieved.

"Miladi, I tell you only what I know of my own knowledge! Mademoiselle has gone—left Ballyfloe! She went by this afternoon's train!"

Lady Betty flung herself into Floria's room.

Josine had tidied it up, but there were still traces of the packing, and no signs of Floria.

With something like a cry of alarm, Lady Betty darted back and confronted Josine.

"It is a stupid joke!" she gasped. "Tell me it is, you wicked girl! Where is she? Floria!" and she ran to the door and called, "Where are you?"

Josine stood with a dark smile on her face, and Lady Betty came back, panting and breathless.

"Miladi, it is quite true, I do assure you," said Josine suavely. "Mademoiselle left Ballyfloe this afternoon. I myself accompanied her to the station, and saw her off."

Lady Betty sat open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"You did!—and it is not a joke! Then—then, why did she go?"

Josine shrugged her shoulders and pursed her lips.

"She left some message—some note for me?" said Lady Betty, almost tragically. "Where is it?"

"No; mademoiselle left no note for miladi," replied Josine, gravely; "but message—ah, yes; she said that I was to tell miladi she would write."

"She would write! But why did she go—why did she go?" demanded Lady Betty, in a frenzy.

Josine shrugged her shoulders again.

"Was she sent for?"

"Yes, there was a telegram, miladi,"

"You obstinate pig!—why couldn't you say so?" almost shrieked Lady Betty, driven frantic by Josine's assumed nonchalence.

"Miladi didn't ask me."

"Ask you! And who was the telegram from?"

Josine stared with well-simulated indignation.

"How should I know that, miladi? No, I do not know. Mademoiselle burnt it—carefully burnt it."

"Burnt it!" repeated Lady Betty. "Well—and then?"

"And then mademoiselle directed me to pack her box, and order a carriage for the station; and I did so, and accompanied mademoiselle."

"And she has gone up to London by herself!" wailed Lady Betty. "Lord Norman will go out of his mind."

"Ah! but mademoiselle has not traveled alone—ah no!" said Josine. "The gentleman met her at the station, yes."

"The gentleman, you idiot!—what gentleman?" demanded Lady Betty, all eyes.

"Milord Clifforde, miladi!" replied Josine, demurely.

Lady Betty gazed at her open-mouthed, then turned deep crimson.

"You wicked, lying girl!" she gasped.

"Miladi!" exclaimed Josine, facing round and drawing herself to her full height.

"You wicked girl!" repeated poor Lady Betty. "How dare you stand there and tell me such dreadful lies? Miss Carlisle gone off with Lord Clifforde!"

"Oh, pardon, miladi!" said Josine, sweetly; "it was not I who said that, it was miladi. I only said mademoiselle met milord at the station—not that she had gone off with him."

Lady Betty could have bitten her tongue off.

"You wicked girl; I don't believe a word of what you say! I don't believe that Lord Clifforde was there at all!"

Josine tried to flush, and managed to look fiercely indignant again.

"But yes, miladi, he was!" she insisted. "I myself saw him. He traveled in the same car with mademoiselle! Ah, you do not believe me! Then ask the porter—the guard, who knows him! Enquire for yourself, miladi! Why should I tell miladi a lie? Miss Carlisle will write directly and tell miladi what I now tell her, that she went from Ballyfloe with Milord Clifforde!"

Poor Lady Betty sat transfixed.

Was the girl lying? It seemed impossible that she should be speaking the truth. And yet, why should she lie? What avail would lying be to her? What profit, seeing that, as she said, the truth would be known in a few hours?

Josine held up the dinner-dress calmly.

"Shall I assist miladi?"

"Don't speak to me—yet! Tell me more Josine! I—I am sorry if—if I called you names that don't belong to you; but—are you sure that it was Lord Clifforde?"

"Ah, but certain, miladi!" said Josine, with a smile. "I know milord well. Besides, I spoke with him! But, and!"—with a sudden look of compunction—"perhaps I ought not to tell! I have betrayed mademoiselle's confidence."

Lady Betty flushed.

"Nonsense! There is no confidence in the matter!"

"I am glad of that!" said Josine, with an air of relief; "for Miss Carlisle did offer me a large sum of money, and though I did not take it, I should not like to betray her confidence."

Lady Betty turned pale.

Floria fled suddenly, without a word of warning or explanation, and in the company of Bertie—Bertie, who had been her most passionate lover—and Floria had offered a large sum of money as a bribe to Josine.

Great Heaven, what did it mean, if it did not mean that Floria had eloped with Bertie!

From whom could the telegram have been, if not from him? As to their meeting at such an out-of-the-way place as Ballyfloe, and both going by the same train by mere coincidence, the idea was too absurd.

Great and merciful Heaven, if—if Floria had—was guilty of such dreadful treachery, what would become of Bruce? Who was to tell him? And he a day's journey from Ballyfloe.

With her head in a whirl, poor Lady Betty allowed herself to be dressed, trembling so with agitation that Josine could scarcely fasten the bracelets round her wrists.

"Look here, Josine," she said at last, after a silence, during which the whole thing had jarred and travelled through her brain; "I don't know why Miss Floria has gone off so suddenly, but—but—there is, of course, good reason for it. Now, you don't want to chatter about it——"

Josine interrupted with a smile.

"Miladi, I never chatter about anything."

"You—you are a good girl," said poor Lady Betty; "and you may have that yellow satin dress you admire so much——"

"Oh, miladi!" gratefully.

"Yes—and—and—for goodness sake don't let Lady Blanche pump you!" exclaimed poor Lady Betty.

"Certainly not!" responded Josine, with a twinkle in her black eyes.

"And now I'll go down—and what I'm to say, the goodness only knows!" groaned Lady Betty. "Oh, how I wish Bruce was at home, and yet—no, I don't!" she added with a shudder.

She went down to dinner and was at once assailed by enquiries after Miss Carlisle's health; and one or two waited anxiously to hear the answer, for the news had floated up from the servants' hall that Miss Carlisle had left Ballyfloe.

Lady Betty, surrounded by very curious eyes, put the best face she could on the matter.

"I am sorry to say," she said, "that Miss Carlisle has been summoned home—" how little she guessed that she was so near the truth!—"she was obliged to leave by the afternoon mail."

There were general expressions of regret and sorrow, Floria had made herself very popular, and several of the young men looked inconsolable.

Just then Lady Blanche glided into the room.

She was magnificently dressed, and a hectic flush burnt in her usually pale cheek.

Her eyes glittered in the candle light as brilliantly as the diamond tiara in her hair, and about her was a feverish air of excitement which attracted attention.

"Is not this dreadful about Miss Carlisle, Lady Seymour?" said one of the young men, with a doleful countenance.

"What has happened?" she inquired, looking from one to the other. "An accident?"

"No, no," said Lady Betty, hastily. "Floria has been sent for from home; that is all."

"Oh," said Lady Blanche, sympathetically; "I am very sorry! And she has gone? What a dreadful journey to take alone!"

Lady Betty looked up at her quickly, but the lovely face was placid and innocent-looking as a child's, and the next moment dinner was announced.

After dinner Floria's sudden departure was discussed from many points. The ladies, who had gathered something from their maids, were inclined to be—well—slightly suspicious; the gentlemen all deplored the absence of the universal favorite and were disconsolate.

Lady Blanche sang and played, with the usual group of courtiers around her; but after a time, when the room grew hot, she took up her fan and strolled out on to the terrrace through one of the windows.

It was a lovely night—poor Floria was rushing through the air at fifty miles an hour, and Bruce was pacing up and down the room at the hut, haunted by his dream and his desire to get back to Ballyfloe—and Lady Blanche leant against the stone-coping and looked up at the satrs.

Destiny ruled over all!

Was it her destiny to marry Lord Norman, or had she toiled and plotted and sinned in vain?

That was her one thought. To Floria, the girl whose happiness she had destroyed, she never gave one passing remembrance; utterly remorseless, she wiped all thought of Floria from her mind.

She had been a shadow across her—Lady Blanche's—path, and had now passed; that was all!

It was to Bruce she now looked. Give her but time and opportunity, and she could—she would—win back his love, and all would be well!

Suddenly while she mused, and shaped the picture under the stars with that hopefulness which comes of a successful effort, criminal or otherwise—she heard her name whispered.

She knew the voice in an instant; it was Oscar Raymond's.

She did not move for a moment or two, while she crushed back the fear and loathing that the sound of the voice had called up, then she bent over the balustrade, and saw him standing on the gravel path.

He was still dressed in close imitation to Lord Norman, and carried the whip in his hand.

So like was he to Lord Norman, so close a shadow, that even as she looked, Lady Blanche shuddered. It was as if she were looking at Bruce's ghost.

He raised his hat, and came close to the railings.

"I need not ask if our plot has prospered, Lady Blanche," he said; "I have read its success in your face. If we had failed, you would scarcely have been able to study the stars so serenely."

He spoke in his usual half-serious, half-mocking tone, which always made Lady Blanche long to leave him at the first sound of it.

She remained silent, looking down, not at him but at the path, her fan moving slowly to and fro, for though the night was chilly, a fire seemed burning within her that made her hot and feverish.

"Yes, our plot has worked admirably," he said. "The two unconscious puppets have been set dancing to our tune, and all we had in view is accomplished. I have had my revenge, or shall have it in full when Lord Norman returns to-morrow; and you have had—your amusement!"

He laughed, the low, sardonic laugh which was so hateful to Lady Blanche.

—"And now what remains, Lady Seymour? Only this—my poor reward!"

Lady Blanche inclined her head. The faint light of the young moon fell on his face.

It could not be other than handsome, being so like Bruce's; but there was a devilry a sardonic cast in it that made it hateful to her.

The dark eyes looking up into hers seemed alight with the fire of mockery and mastery.

"I am quite prepared to acknowledge your talents, and reward them," she said, coldly. "But is this a fitting time to discuss the matter? We may be interrupted at any moment."

He laughed.

"It is a time that suits me, Lady Seymour. The fact is, it is the only time I have; to-morrow I leave England forever, I hope ——"

A faint gleam of relief and satisfaction shone in her eyes, and he noticed it, and smiled.

"—Forever, I hope!" he repeated. "My career here has been a failure. On other shores I may blossom out into a great man, but my future prospects have little interest for you, Lady Blanche."

"None!" dropped from her lips like an icicle. He laughed, as if her coldness pleased him.

"I can quite believe that. And now, to speak of more important things. Miss Carlisle has left Lord Norman forever; there can be little doubt of that, I think. Poor young lady, I am sorry for her! She is very beautiful, is she not?"

Lady Blanche made a slight gesture of assent.

"Ah, yes! I should not know her if I saw her again! Well, that is a consoling thing to know, for beauty has always a good market value, and can command its own price. But what we have to speak of is my price—to put it vulgarly, Lady Blanche. I think you will admit"—taking off his hat, and running his white hand through his hair—"that I have used the situation to its best advantage, and that I have played the part in the comedy of my own invention pretty fairly. At any rate, if Lord Norman does not suffer from the heartache, I shall be very much surprised."

Lady Blanche waved the fan to and fro languidly but with a certain air of suspense.

"Therefore," he went on, "you will not deem me exorbitant if I ask that you give me a cheque for twenty thousand pounds!"

Lady Blanche started, and closed the fan sharply.

She was rich—immensely rich—but even immensely rich people do not think little of twenty thousand pounds!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"TWENTY thousand pounds!" repeated Lady Blanche with very haughty surprise.

He looked at her and smiled.

"It is a large sum," he said. "With the two thousand I have promised, on your behalf, to Josine, it is a fortune—that is, to most persons—but what is it to your ladyship? A mere bagatelle! You are immensely rich; so rich that if it pleased you, you could walk into Howell and James' and purchase a set of diamonds costing twice this sum, and no questions would be asked. I think, if you consider the matter, Lady Blanche, you will admit that you may gain greater pleasure from this day's work than any diamonds, however rare, could afford you."

Lady Blanche leant against the stone balustrade, with a deep frown on her white brow.

The sum demanded was enormous. And yet what could she do? When the separation of Bruce and Floris had seemed impossible, she had promised this man anything he liked to ask for if he would bring it about; and he had brought it about! She might have guessed that his price would be exorbitant, she might have been prepared for it.

"Shall I tell you why I asked so large a sum, Lady Blanche?" he said, flinging his cigar away and taking off his hat with an air of easy assurance. "I am not, I think you will admit, a vulgar adventurer—an adventurer truly, but not a vulgar one—and I have no wish to descend into the condition of the vilest of mankind; the creature who exists upon black mail. Lady Blanche, I have resolved upon asking for this large sum of money from you, who can spare it so well, that I may be able to leave England forever. When I say forever, I mean what I say to the hilt; I shall never return. The twenty thousand pounds properly invested will produce an income which will enable me to live in ease and luxury on the Continent. If I had asked for a smaller sum, I should have been compelled to come to you again, not once or twice, but continually; that would not have been pleasant for either you or me."

Lady Blanche flushed, and bit her white lip.

—"No! Very unpleasant, rather. Therefore I have asked for this sum in a lump. As I say, I shall leave England; you will never see me again, unless you chance to meet me by accident in one of your continental trips—perchance on your honeymoon with Lord Norman——"

A fierce flush dyed Lady Blanche's face, as he looked up with the sardonic smile in his eyes.

"—You will be relieved of all dread of black mail, and may, if you please, forget that such a person as Oscar Raymond ever existed. In time, I have no doubt, you will be able to convince yourself that the little comedy we enacted in the house yonder was never performed, excepting in your fevered imagination. At any rate, if you cannot forget me, it will be agreeable to reflect that I shall never put myself in evidence against you——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I am not afraid of that," she said. "You may have sunk as low—you may be what you are now, but you were once a gentleman——"

"And once a gentleman, always a gentleman!" he finished for her, with a very soft laugh.

"But if I do not fear you, I have still to deal your assistant—Josine!" said Lady Blanche.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Josine will give you no trouble, Lady Blanche," he said, with quiet confidence. "She will invest her two thousand pounds in a husband and some comfortable cafe in the region of Leicester Square, and will settle down into entire oblivion of Ballyfloe and all that occurred there. Besides, I think Josine has too wholesome a fear of your humble servant to ever dream of betraying us."

There were a few moments of silence, then Lady Blanche looked down upon him.

"You shall have the money you ask for," she said, gravely. "How shall I give it you? I do not know how I can draw so large an amount from the bank without attracting some attention and remark."

"Draw two cheques for ten thousand each," he said, coolly; "and if any remark is made, say that you are buying jewlery."

She inclined her head.

"If you will please send them to this address," he said, handing her a slip of paper—it was the name of a large London hotel—"I will wait until I receive them, and then leave England at once; so that, Lady Blanche, we may say farewell."

He came close to the balustrade, and held up his smooth white hand, and Lady Blanche bent over and touched it with her finger tips.

Some impulse, too strong to be resisted, prompted her to say, in a very sudden whisper—

"You have no remorse, then, for what you have done?"

He smiled up at her, a smile of perfect calmness and repose.

"Remorse! Certainly not; only the supremest satisfaction. For the first time for months I feel at ease—as if my self-love had been avenged and satisfied. Oh, you mean on that young lady's account," he added, and he laughed softly. "No, no remorse on her account either. She is too young to feel deeply; she will get over this little disappointment very quickly. Josine tells me that she is good-looking, I may presume that she is beautiful."

"You saw her," murmured Lady Blanche.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"For a moment; I did not notice her particularly, and I do not think I should know her if if I met her. Well, she is beautiful, and will soon get another lover. What is love? 'Men have died, and worms have eaten them,' as Shakespeare says, 'but not of love.' As for Lord Norman"—and his face darkened—"he and I are quite, more than quits, for the balance is in my favor I think. Good-night, Lady Blanche—farewell! I wish you every happiness."

And raising his hat, he disappeared in the dimness of the night.

Lady Blanche shuddered as if a chill had passed over her.

"Bad men's blessings are good men's curses," says the Spanish proverb, and she felt as if she had been banned.

Drawing her shawl round her she went into the house, and the first person her gaze fell upon was Lady Betty, sitting pale and anxious over the fire, her hands clasped, her brows knitted.

She looked up as Lady Blanche entered, and tried to smile, but there were traces of tears in her eyes, and a most cruel triumph filled Lady Blanche's heart.

"This woman," she thought, "triumphed over me a short time ago. She helped Floris Carlisle to rob me of my lover. Now it is my hour of triumph. They are parted forever, and I shall win him back."

With this flow of unholy satisfaction within her bosom, she went to bed and slept the sleep of an innocent child, for the simple reason that the awful excitement she had undergone had resulted in complete exhaustion.

The morrow came, and Lady Blanche glided down to the breakfast-room.

There were half-a-dozen persons at the table, and Lady Betty amongst them.

She looked pale, and anxious, and worried but she flushed as Lady Blanche came up to her and greeted her with a sweet, sympathetic smile.

"Have you heard from Miss Carlisle?" she asked.

Lady Betty shook her head. It seemed as if she could scarcely find courage to say "No."

"Really!" murmured Lady Blanche, with well-feigned surprise. "How very strange!"

"No, it is not strange at all!" retorted Lady Betty. "I did not expect to hear until to-night. She—she may not have had time to write yet."

"I should have thought she would have sent a post-card," suggested Lady Blanche, smoothly. "We all are very curious and anxious, but not so anxious as you, I daresay, my dear!"

"No," retorted Lady Betty; "I daresay not!"

A few minutes afterwards she rose and went to her room.

Josine was standing with an open letter in her hand, and wiping her eyes.

"What's the matter now?" asked Lady Betty, irritably.

"Oh, miladi, I have had bad news. My only brother, miladi! And I have not seen him for years!"

"Oh!" said Lady Betty. "And of course you want to go at once, is that it?"

Josine looked hurt and wounded.

"Ah, no, miladi, not at once! I would not be so ungrateful as to leave you so suddenly. I have written to tell them to let me know if he gets worse. If he doesn't I shall not want to go, but if he does—"and she sobbed.

"Very well," said Lady Betty. "I hope for your sake as well as mine that he will get better."

Josine dropped a curtsey.

"And—and—may I ask what news miladi has had from Mademoiselle Carlisle. Pardon, miladi, if I presume too much."

It is scarcely necessary to say that she had very carefully examined the letter-bag!

"There is no news," said Lady Betty, with a sigh.

Josine held up her hands with an expression of dismay and shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, but that is bad!" she muttered between her teeth.

"Hold your long tongue!" exclaimed Lady Betty, peremptorily, "and leave the room."

The morning wore away. Some of the party went out riding, others played tennis or wandered about the grounds, but on all there seemed to rest a cloud as of expectation and disquietude, and everybody looked forward to the return of the hunting expedition.

A heavy weight hung upon Lady Betty's spirits, and she seemed to count the hours that must elapse before she must see Bruce and tell him of Floris's sudden disappearance.

Luncheon came and went, and the dinner-hour approached.

If the hunting party made good traveling it would return before dusk, and Lady Betty was standing on the terrace looking towards the road that wound through the park when she saw a horseman appear in the distance.

He was riding very hard and evidently urging his tired horse at its utmost speed.

Her heart misgave her, she knew not why, and, like most women of her temperament, she looked round for help and company; and at the moment, as if she too had been watching—as indeed she had!—Lady Blanche glided through the window and stood by her side.

"Who is that coming?" asked Lady Betty, in an agitated voice.

Lady Blanche looked fixedly at the approaching rider.

"It is some messenger," she said, very quietly.

"Something happened!" gasped Lady Betty.

Lady Blanche smiled contemptuously.

"Why should you think so?" she said. "Sir Joseph has sent one of the men on in advance to tell them to put off the dinner for an hour—that is all."

Lady Betty tried to smile.

"I wish I had your nerves, Blanche," she said, almost spitefully.

"It isn't a question of nerves, but of common sense," retorted Lady Blanche, coldly. "What could have happened?"

"I don't know; we shall soon learn," answered Lady Betty, grimly.

The man rode fearfully hard, and soon passed into the road leading to the house; and they saw that the horse was covered with foam and nearly exhausted.

One or two others, attracted and alarmed by the sight of the horse, had joined them on the terrace, and as the man rode up and flung himself out of the saddle almost at their feet, one of the gentlemen ran down the steps to him.

It was Donald.

"A letter for the Lady Pendleton," he said, hoarsely; he was nearly as exhausted as the poor beast he had ridden.

"Give it to me!" exclaimed Lady Betty, snatching it.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RINGS.—Solomon was said to own a ring which possessed magical powers. Pharaoh gave a ring to Joseph, the patriarch, as a sign of his delegated authority. When the Roman ambassador required the King of Bithynia to give Hannibal up, the latter, on the point of the king's doing so, swallowed poison, which he always carried about in his ring. In the time of Alexander the Great, it was customary in Athens to wear magnificent rings, with engraved stones. It is recorded that Demosthenes was fond of finger rings.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SEVENTH YEAR.—"Every seventh day the moon," says an old writer, "comes to the square of her own place in the radix, and about every ninth day to the trine to it; thus reckoning a year for a day, as is the custom, every year in a person's life divisible by 7 or 9 is a climacterical year, when remarkable events may be expected. The most dangerous are the 49th and 63d, because they are doubly climacterical, being both 7x7 and 7x9; and, when other evil aspects occur, they are generally fatal. The 63d year is considered the grand climacterical, and it is claimed that more persons die in that year than in any other from 50 to 80."

STRANGE FIRES.—There have been some curious causes of fire in New York within the last few months. One woman let a roast get on fire in the oven, and the blazing fat ran all over the kitchen floor. The fire in a smoke house got so hot that the hams and sides of bacon blazed up, and the flames poured out of the doors and threatened to burn the whole building. Slacking lime fired one building. In twenty-seven cases the flames burst spontaneously from piles of rags or rubbish, fifteen of the piles being oily rags. In two cases some men carelessly exposed some phosphorus to the air so that it blazed. The friction of machinery fired two different shops.

BLOOD ROYAL.—Almost any one should be able to trace his origin to "royal blood and noble," if he goes far enough back, hitting it somewhere among the legion of direct ancestors, which *Nature* shows one must have had in a few centuries, thus: Taking three generations to a century, one has father and mother (two), grandparents (four), great-grandparents (eight). At the end of the second century the number of ancestors springs to sixty-four. Following the calculation you will find that at the end of eight centuries one is descended from no less than 16,000,000 ancestors. Intermarriage, of course, would reduce this estimate, but the figures are so enormous that the words, "All ye are brethren" may be literally true.

NATURE'S WONDERS.—There are probably 2,500,000 sweat glands belonging to each human being, the object of the existence of this perspiratory system is to remove the excess of water and noxious gases and to regulate the temperature of the body. Perspiration is always going on, and under normal conditions it amounts to about two pints a day for each person. If this perspiration is checked in any way grave results are apt to ensue. The blood would rush to the lungs and cause congestion, or to the throat or to the stomach, or other parts, which would become at once affected. The first principle of health is to keep the skin in good condition, and the way to keep the skin in good condition is to use proper food, to bathe often in cold or tepid water, and dress properly.

THE BIBLE.—Particularly interesting points, sharpened and put at the service of the public by a gentleman who once relieved the tedium of a six months' sea voyage in their compilation: "The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,173 verses, 1184 chapters and 66 books. The word 'and' occurs 46,227 times, 'Lord' 1855 times, 'reverend' only once, and that in the 111th psalm. The 37th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the second of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as being buried in a coffin was Joseph—50th chapter of Genesis, 26th verse. Nowhere but in the 1st chapter of 2d Timothy is the word 'grandmother' mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read, you will find are the 2d Joel and the 26th Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible."

FROM THE SEA.—In Japan there is a giant crab which measures some twelve feet between the tips of the nippers, and in the Indian Ocean there is a hermit crab two feet long. The palm crab lives on cocoanuts, and the Malays in turn on the palm crab. The robber-crab, or the 'ou ou,' breaks nuts by dashing them against stones. Once a robber crab was seen to seize a goat by the ears and fairly lift the startled creature from the ground. Pirate crabs often rob bird's nests in the tropics. In the West Indian colonies purple crabs live upon the highlands, but once a year they leave their holes and march in vast columns, three miles long and 250 feet wide, to the sea, where they deposit their eggs. The back of the mask crab looks like a mask for the human face, while the glass crabs are so transparent that if one should be held over this item the reader could still easily trace the lines.

ALL A MATTER OF COMPARISON.—Dickens, in upholding his theory that there can always be found room for thankfulness even amid trials and difficulties, related this story: "Two men were to be hung at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll, the convicts were placed; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sight-seers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when, just at the second of time, a bull which was being driven to Smithfield broke his rope and charged the mob right and left, scattering the people everywhere with his horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd."

WILLING TO WORK.

The world is crowded with indolent creatures,
  Unsteady, and ready all labor to shirk,
With delicate hands and with infantile features,
  'Tis a pleasure to meet with those willing to work.

Yes, really a pleasure to meet man or woman
  Imbued with an earnest desire to take
Their place in the ranks with the helpful and human,
  Who lovingly toil for humanity's sake.

There are those who are ready for frolic and pleasure,
  And ready to eat of the fruits of the soil,
And ready to dance to each rollicking measure,
  But never are ready to labor or toil.

They sit at their ease, while all others about them
  Are busy and anxious, and burdened with care,
And seem to imagine that, somehow, without them
  The world would of beauty be wondrously bare.

All hail to the workers, who dignify labor,
  With head, heart, and hand well equipped for the strife;
No charity ask they of friend or of neighbor,
  As bravely and boldly they start out in life.

They press in advance of the indolent creatures,
  They drive out the lazy ones ready to shirk,
And stand in their places with resolute features,
  The honored and fearless disciples of work.

We welcome them out of the school and the college,
  We welcome them out of the mill and the shop,
And say, "Here's success to superior knowledge,
  There's plenty of room for you all at the top!"

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"IF you are satisfied that such a disposition of your fortune is just, Sir Charles, I have no right perhaps to object," said Edward Sansome, a shrewd lawyer, to his principal client, Sir Charles Rooden of Rood Abbey.

"Of course I am satisfied," laughed handsome, cheery Sir Charles. "I have a large fortune and a wife as good and true as she is beautiful. Surely I cannot do wrong in leaving my fortune to such a beautiful wife!"

"There is a great difference between doing that which is wrong and that which is imprudent," observed Mr. Sansome politely.

"And you think that my will errs on the side of imprudence?" questioned Sir Charles uneasily.

"So it seems to me," replied the lawyer slowly.

"How can it, when I leave all that I have to my wife?" asked Sir Charles eagerly.

"There are so many contingencies," answered the lawyer.

"Yes, I know; you are thinking that it is possible her ladyship may marry again," said Sir Charles.

"It is not improbable," returned the lawyer cautiously.

"It would not be in an ordinary case; but this is not an ordinary case. You seem to forget that our marriage was a pure love-match."

"I have seen the beginning and the end of many love-matches," remarked Mr. Sansome quietly.

"Probably, but not a love-match like ours. During my married life I have never given one thought to any other woman—indeed I might say, in the words of the old song, 'All other women are but shadows to me.' She is the one woman for whom I care and whom I love."

"That is romance, not practical common sense," said Mr. Sansome; "and they differ as light from darkness."

"It matters little whether it is romance or not; it happens to be true," laughed Sir Charles. "I am easy enough on the score of my will. If my fortune were twice as large, I should leave it all to my wife."

"But would it not be as well to insert a clause to the effect that some portion at least of this vast fortune is to be forfeited if Lady Rooden marries again?"

The frank handsome face darkened, and the blue eyes flashed fiercely.

"I would not so insult her for the world?" he cried. "You do not understand the depth of our mutual love and trust; and on that ground I can excuse your professional suspicion. It would be impossible for my wife to marry again in the event of my death. She has been the love of my life, the heart of my heart; and do you think she whose very soul is mine would or could ever listen to the wooing of another man? You will excuse me for saying so, but the very idea of it seems like sacrilege to me. I am desirous of showing my implicit faith and trust in the wife whom I honor as much as I love; therefore I leave my whole fortune to her, to be held in trust for my daughter Angela. During her lifetime Lady Rooden can make what allowance she may think proper to our daughter. If she marries, it will be in her ladyship's power to give her a very handsome dowry; and at Lady Rooden's death the whole estate goes to my daughter intact. That seems simple enough."

"Yes, it is simple enough," agreed Mr. Sansome, though evidently still unconvinced of the justice of it.

Sir Charles went on—

"If—which Heaven forbid!—Lady Rooden dies first—my property will revert to my daughter on my death—for I shall never marry again—and I have chosen proper guardians for her."

"Yes, that is right enough; but——"

Sir Charles interrupted him.

"I am anxious to make my will at once, simply as a matter of prudence. Not that I have any fear of dying yet. I am not much over thirty-five, and, being blessed with good health and a sound constitution, in all human probability death and I will be strangers for many long years. Several of my ancestors lived to be over ninety years of age; it may be the same with me."

"I hope so sincerely, Sir Charles," said the lawyer.

"Thank you," returned the Baronet. "But you do not look satisfied yet, Sansome," he added. "Now what is it? Tell me frankly what you yourself think of my intentions; you will not offend me. I know the value of a good truthful friend. Tell me just what is passing through your mind."

"I am inclined to think you will not be pleased, Sir Charles; still I will speak out my thoughts. I think you are leaving too much in the power of a lady, who, though one of the most estimable of her sex, is still only a woman. I see my words have vexed you; I knew they would."

"No, I am not vexed," said Sir Charles, "because I know you mean well. Tell me what you think I ought to do."

"My advice will be very unpalatable to you," said Mr. Sansome; "but I should counsel you to make some change. If you should die before Lady Rooden, and she should marry again, it would be as well to stipulate in such a case that half the property must go at once to your daughter."

"My wife would never marry again," Sir Charles declared emphatically. "If I die before her, all happiness for her in this world will die with me."

"Still there is the possibility of such a thing happening," urged the lawyer cautiously.

"There is no such possibility as regards Lady Rooden," again declared Sir Charles. "You may dismiss that idea from your mind at once and forever. Think of the other side of the picture, which you have entirely overlooked—what a tie it will form between mother and daughter in case of my death! Their interests will be one and the same; the daughter will always be dependent upon the mother, the mother ever striving to do her best for her child. Instead of feeling anxious, so far as I know, I congratulate myself on the wisdom of the course I am taking. I honestly consider I have done the best thing for both."

"If you think so, there is no more to be said," returned Mr. Sansome. "But there is one other question I must ask. In making a will of such importance, one requires a clear understanding on every point. In the event of your death and the death of Miss Rooden, how is Lady Rooden to dispose of the property?"

The Baronet thought deeply for some moments, then answered—

"In that case I should lay no restrictions whatever upon it; she can dispose of it as she wills. I have no near relatives, and, unless it should please Heaven to bless me with a son, the title, so far as I know, will become extinct at my death."

"You have nothing more to add, Sir Charles?" asked the lawyer.

"Nothing, except that, as soon as you have the will drawn up, I shall be glad to sign it. It will be off my mind, and I shall feel more satisfied."

"It shall be done at once," said Mr. Sansome. "Have patience with me while I recapitulate your instructions. In the event of your early death, your whole fortune and estates go intact to Lady Rooden, and she is to have the full benefit of them during her lifetime. At her death they pass to your daughter Angela. If I understand rightly, Lady Rooden is not to have the power to dispose of anything—not an ounce of the family plate, not a picture from the gallery, not a tree from the woods."

"That is so," agreed Sir Charles.

"Her ladyship can, if she thinks proper, make Miss Rooden an allowance; or, if she should marry, it is in her mother's power to give her a dowry."

"Yes," said Sir Charles.

"If however Angela Rooden should die, the property would be entirely at Lady Rooden's disposal."

"Entirely," repeated Sir Charles, his handsome face glowing with pride and generosity.

"She can bequeath it to charities, missions, or anything else she chooses?" queried Mr. Sansome.

"Yes—she will make a wise use of it," said Sir Charles.

"Those are my instructions, and I have simply to carry them out," concluded Mr. Sansome.

"That is all," said Sir Charles.

The lawyer was silent for a few moments; then, raising his head, he glanced keenly at Sir Charles.

"I cannot help it," he said—"I may even forfeit your friendship—but I must say that yours will be the most imprudent and, I will add, the most foolish will I have ever made or heard of."

Sir Charles laughed.

"An honest opinion at least!" he remarked. "Thank you for it; but in this matter you must permit me to know best. I know what a noble, honorable woman my wife is and I take an especial pride in showing practically how perfectly I trust her."

"Is it of any use for me to suggest that Miss Rooden ought to have an income of her own?" asked Mr. Sansome.

"Mother and daughter will have a common purse between them," answered Sir Charles.

"Forgive me once more. Suppose that Lady Rooden, as we may naturally hope, lives to a ripe old age; do you think it will be just or prudent to force Miss Rooden to be dependent all that time on her mother's bounty?"

"It will simply bind them together; it will keep their interests one," replied Sir Charles; and there was a note of impatience in his voice.

"It is a false idea," said Mr. Sansome slowly.

"Still I will carry it out," persisted the Baronet. "It is my wish and desire; and," he added, with a smile, "every man can do what he likes with his own."

"True; but no man, even with his own, ought to do that which will injure others," returned the lawyer.

"And you believe honestly that my will may injure those it is intended to benefit?" questioned Sir Charles.

"I do," replied Mr. Sansome; and the Baronet was thoughtfully silent for some moments.

"Thank you for your candor; but my opinion is not in the least changed. I will take all the responsibility. When shall I call at your office to sign my will? I am really in town for that purpose."

"Will Tuesday morning suit you, Sir Charles?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," he replied; and on Tuesday, the twenty-third of April, the will which the lawyer had stigmatised as "imprudent" and "foolish" was duly signed and attested.

CHAPTER II.

A spoiled beauty—spoiled by a devotion and love such as fall to the lot of few women—Lady Rooden did not know the meaning of the word "care."

She was only seventeen when Sir Charles Rooden wooed and won her; and from that time he had surrounded her with such loving care that her lot amongst women was quite exceptional.

Few knew such unalloyed happiness as she enjoyed.

At times a fleeting regret that she had no son to succeed her husband would come over her; but even that regret was softened when she remembered how deeply he love their little daughter.

The Roodens of Rood Abbey had been for many generations owners of that fair and fertile domain.

Like many of the old ancestral homes of England, Rood Abbey had originally been the property of a religious order; but, falling victims to the rapacity of the reigning monarch and the bigotry of the times, they had been expelled the country, their property confiscated, and house and lands were given to Guy Rooden, a Court favorite whose descendants had lived there ever since.

Many parts of the old Abbey had successfully resisted the wasting hand of Time, notably the massive battlemented towers and the ponderous old entrance-gates through which king, queen, and mitred abbot had often driven.

Many a solemn procession had passed through these portals, many a long train of armored knights and fair ladies had ridden through the grand avenue of giant chestnuts.

The Abbey itself was a substantial old building of gray stone, the towers of which were almost covered with ivy.

It stretched its tendrils round the great arched windows; it climbed to the very top of the tall towers; it clung in rich masses to the ancient walls.

Rood Abbey, as seen by the light of the summer sun or by the moon's pale beams, presented a picture at once picturesque and imposing.

The estate which was situated in one of the most beautiful of the Midland Counties was singularly favored by Nature, and not the least of its charms was the bright flashing river Leir, smooth and peaceful in places, spanned here and there by rustic bridges, and widening in its course until it developed into the broad, deep reach in front of the Abbey itself.

Sir Charles Rooden had succeeded when quite young to the inheritance of Rood. He was one of Fortune's favorites, handsome in face, and figure, with genial, kind, cheery manner that made him universally beloved.

He was the ideal of an English landlord, handsome, brave, generous, a true lover of all outdoor and manly sports, his hand ever open to relieve distress, his ear ever ready to listen to the sorrows of the unfortunate.

He was still young when he fell in love with one of the most beautiful girls of her day, Laura Milrod, the only daughter of the Earl of Milroy.

The young Baronet believed her to be the fairest, the most graceful, the most tender-hearted of her sex, and during the whole of his married life he discovered in her nothing but perfection.

In his blind idolatry he never perceived that she was vain or selfish, that she was shallow at heart; he discerned in her only the attributes of a good and noble woman, and he loved her with a full and perfect love, believing in and trusting her implicitly.

His wife was the centre of his hopes and plans, the one object of his care and worship; and next to her in his affection came his little daughter, whom, because of her beautiful face and sweet serious eyes, eyes in which dwelt a sweet brooding seriousness, they named Angela.

Sir Charles worshipped the child just as he did its beautiful mother.

He commissioned one of the leading artists of the day to paint the picture of Lady Rooden and Angela, the slender stately young mother looking down on the child playing amidst roses at her neat little feet.

Concerning the undeniably lovely face of Lady Rooden the artist made no remark—he transferred it, with all its subtle loveliness, to canvas; but with the face of the child Angela he was enraptured.

"They have named her well," he said to himself. "So far as the human idea can realize an angel's face, she has one. How deeply she will suffer, and how intensely she will enjoy! There will be no medium for her. She will know the very abandonment of sorrow and the very height of happiness. If it be true that the shadow of the future lies in the face of a child, this one will have a strange life."

Angela had reached her twelfth year when her first great sorrow fell upon her.

A sweeter, fairer maiden it would hardly have been possible to find.

Graceful, sensitive almost to a fault, tender and loving of heart, gifted with the truest refinement, gifted too with a poet's soul, she was a continual source of wonder and delight to Sir Charles.

He would not allow her to leave home for school, but engaged clever and accomplished governesses for her, so that he should always have her near him.

The girl worshipped both her parents, though her father's character had the greater attraction for her, and, quite unconsciously to herself, she loved him even more than she did her mother.

To those who know how frail and uncertain human love is, there was something almost pitiful in the devotion of the child to her father.

The blow, when it did fall, was therefore all the more terrible to her.

For there came a day, bright and sunny, full of perfume and sweetness and song, when Sir Charles Rooden left home in the morning with laughing jesting word on his lips and was carried back in the evening dead.

It was a bright May morning when he started.

All the hawthorn-trees in the park were in full bloom, and the luscious perfume of may and lilac filled the air.

The tresses of the golden laburnum waved in the gentle breeze, the giant trees were unfolding their pale-green buds to the genial warmth of the sun, and the birds were carolling a welcome to returning spring. Lady Rooden walked with her husband as far as the end of the drive.

There the groom stood holding his horse; and Angela, clinging to her father's hand, begged that either she might go with him or that he would stay at home.

"You do not know, papa," she said, "what a different house this is when you are out of it."

"But," he reminded her laughingly, "you have your mamma."

"Yes; you are the sun, and she is the moon."

Sir Charles laughed again.

"A poet's comparison," he said. "I shall not be long, Angela. I want to ride a little way down by the river, for I am told that one of the bridges over the Leir is not safe; I must go and ascertain what is necessary to be done. You shall ride with me this afternoon."

He kissed his wife's smiling face; he clasped his lovely little daughter in his arms and bade her "Good morning," and then rode away.

Lady Rooden waited with anxious surprise for the return of her husband.

He was the embodiment of punctuality, and for him to fail in any appointment was most unusual.

When he rode out, he said that he should be home for luncheon at two; but two o'clock came without bringing the master of Rood Abbey.

Three, four and five struck, and still he came not. Then Lady Rooden grew anxious.

At first she persuaded herself that he had met with friends, and had ridden on with them, although it was unlike him to do that without sending word to her; but, as the hours slipped by, she grew more and more uneasy.

"Angel," she said to the child, "how late papa is! Let us go to the western terrace and watch for him."

Mother and child stood leaning over the stone balustrade, looking down the drive—the fine avenue of chestnuts, with the shining river in the distance.

"I cannot see him, mamma," said the child.

And Lady Rooden, shading her eyes from the sun with her white hand, remarked—

"There is something wrong down by the river, Angel. I see a very large crowd of men."

"Perhaps the bridge has given way and papa is telling them what to do. He would soon see what ought to be done."

The evening was fair as the morning. The wind stirred the lilacs and the long laburnum-trees gently in the garden below; nature seemed to be reposing in the peaceful calm that had settled over all.

"I wonder what it is, Angel?" said Lady Rooden. "The crowd seems to be moving and coming in this direction. They are carrying something. What can it be?"

"I do not see papa," said the child, whom nothing else interested; and they grew very silent as the tall trees and the winding of the river hid the crowd from their view.

"I wish papa would come!" cried the child presently; and then, after a few minutes, there was a sound of tramping feet.

steps, of hurried voices, and the old butler came hastily on to the terrace.

"My lady, my lady, come in quickly!" he cried. "Do not look towards the river! Come in!"

Lady Rooden turned to him in great wonder.

"What is it, Jarvis?" she asked.

"An accident, my lady," he replied. "Pray come in."

"What is the matter?" she demanded, on re-entering the room. "What does that noise mean? What is it?"

"Oh, my lady," exclaimed the agitated old man, "I wish I were dead, instead of living to say such words to you! There has been an accident, and my master is ——"

"What?" she gasped, her face growing white and rigid.

"What?" cried the child, who had followed them. "What has been done to papa? Where is he?"

"He was found in the river, my lady!" Jarvis replied, wringing his hands.

"In the river? Found in the river, do you say? Then he is dead!"

"He is dead, my lady, and they are bringing him home!" answered the man.

With a wild cry Lady Rooden flew from the house down to the avenue, where she met the men bearing the lifeless body of her husband.

When she saw his dead face, she fell, with a low anguished cry, to the ground, and was carried back home senseless.

It was not until the first shock was over that any one thought of the dear sweet child.

They found her lying near the window of the room, in an agony of grief which no words of comfort could abate.

The great mystery surrounding Sir Charles Rooden's death was never solved. Whether he had attempted to cross the river where it was shallowest, and had been carried away by the force of the current, or whether his horse had become restive and dashed into the water, no one ever knew. No one had seen the Baronet; no one came forward to say that they had met him on that day.

That it was an accident every one agreed, but how it occurred there was no living witness to tell.

How deeply the genial, generous master of Rood was mourned was shown by the assemblage of rich and poor who came to pay a last tribute of respect to a neighbor and friend.

In his will Sir Charles had not forgotten any of his faithful old servants or any of the charities he had supported.

Yet to those who listened to the reading of the document there seemed to be something strange in it.

It was strange that no income had been settled on the daughter for whom he had always such unbounded affection, strange that no dowry had been left to her, strange that not one farthing of what must ultimately be a large fortune should reach her until her mother's death, strange that so vast a fortune should be left to the absolute disposal of a beautiful young widow.

No restriction was placed upon her; there was no forfeiture of money if she married again.

The only thing she could not do was to part with property belonging in any way to house or estate.

She could not sell a picture or a tree; everything was to descend to Angela just as she had received it.

"A strange will!" the listeners agreed, but it only showed the implicit trust Sir Charles had in his wife.

Lady Rooden was a little surprised herself. She had not expected such unreserved generosity, and she had certainly thought that provision would have been made for Angela.

She caught the child in her arms and kissed the fair young face in a passion of tears.

"You shall not suffer, my darling," she declared, "for papa's generosity to me. I will more than make up to you for it."

But Angela did not understand. She only clasped her arms more tightly round her mother's neck.

"Mamma," she asked, with a shudder, "is it true that they have left papa in the ground?"

"Alas, yes, my dear little darling; it is true!"

"And he hated cold and darkness. Do you remember how he always asked for light and warmth? I cannot bear to think of him lying there."

"When you think of your papa, my dear, do not think of the cold dark grave; but look up at the sky, so bright and blue, and remember he is there."

"Then he can see us!" she cried; and the sweet childish voice was full of awe.

And Angela grew up with a habit of raising her head to the skies, as though seeking her father's face there. How she missed him!

How terrible was the blank, the desolation, the pain that seemed never to grow less! There were times even when Lady Rooden seemed to grow impatient with the child for her excessive grief.

"You forget, Angela," she said to her one day, "that I am left with you."

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, "it is not that! I love you with all my heart; but papa seemed to fill the whole world for me."

Lady Rooden mourned her husband very sincerely.

She knew that her loss was irreparable, for no woman living had ever known love more true and tender.

He had been so careful of her, so anxious to study her wishes, so kind to her, that she felt her loss most grievously. While he lived she had never had to think for herself, she was surrounded by such constant love.

She had never even had time to form new wishes and speak of them before they were gratified.

And now, though she was a wealthy widow provided with every luxury, with a vast fortune at her disposal, she realized every day of her life how she missed the protection and sheltering love of her husband.

After Sir Charles's death, she did not care to remain at Rood Abbey.

Her one desire was to go abroad, to seek in change some relief from her present sorrow.

She was married so young—when only seventeen—and the whole of her happy married life had been so completely engrossed by her love for her husband and a ceaseless round of pleasures that she had given very little thought to foreign travel.

Now a great desire came over her to see all the famous countries and cities of which she had read; and Angela was delighted with the plan.

"In such a way you can be educated far better, Angela, than by going to school," said Lady Rooden.

She secured the services of a clever and accomplished gentlewoman, Miss Aveland; and a few moths after Sir Charles's death, Lady Rooden and her daughter started for a tour which was to last at least four years, while Rood Abbey was left in the hands of faithful old servants, who were to hold it in readiness for their return.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE years has passed since Sir Charles Rooden was laid to rest. May had come round again, with its wealth of foliage and flowers—a fair bright May, such as poets love to portray.

The London season was a brilliant one—there had not been a better for years. The Drawing-rooms had been well attended, a great many presentations had been made, and, better than all, an unusual number of beautiful faces had appeared at Court.

One of the most commanding houses overlooking Hyde Park, one of a stately row called Palace Place, was especially noticeable this May for the lovely flowers that filled the light Italian balcony.

A beautiful girl stood near the blooming hyacinths which occupied one of the windows—a girl with a sweet passionate face and eyes that, handsome as they were, could not be easily read. Near her stood a tall handsome man, Captain Vance Wynyard.

The girl's face revealed her love story clearly. It paled and flushed as he spoke to her; the proud sensitive lips trembled, the eyes deepened and brightened, as his words of love fell upon her ears. The beautiful passionate face and eloquent eyes were those of Gladys Rane, niece of Lady Kinloch, a debutante of the season, whose beauty had made its mark.

Lady Kinloch, the mistress of the mansion renowned for its charming flowers and known as Loch House, was a rich and childless widow.

She had adopted the only child of her dead sister, and had brought her up in the hope that the beauty of which her girlhood gave promise would develop to maturity, and that she would one day make a brilliant match.

That she was a beauty was acknowledged by the voice of society; but whether Lady Kinloch would ever see her adopted daughter make the brilliant match she had hoped for was more than doubtful, for Gladys had fallen in love with handsome Captain Wynyard, who had already lost two fortunes, and was quite ready to lose a third, should it ever come within his reach.

Lady Kinloch had shown a decided dislike to the visits of the Captain; but he, having heard that her ladyship had been suddenly called to Hastings to see an old friend who was ill, and that Miss Rane was at home, determined to make hay while the sun shone, and visit her.

Not that, in present circumstances, he had any thought of marrying her. He told himself regretfully that he must look out for money; and he knew that Lady Kinloch would not give her niece a fortune if she married him.

Still Gladys Rane was deeply in love with him, and he cared more for her than for any woman living.

His vanity was gratified, his self-love was flattered, when he saw how the beautiful face paled and flushed for him, and the lovely eyes filled with the light that never yet lay on land or sea.

It was pleasant to hear the tremor in the low musical voice. It was pleasant to know that he could fill her heart with a rapture of delight, or with a chill of despair.

It was pleasant by a whispered word to raise a burning blush on the fair face, and then to make the sweet lips quiver by praises of one fairer than herself.

As he stood beside her, she every whit as bright and fair as the May morning itself, he gave himself up to the passing enjoyment of the hour, without a thought as to what it might afterwards cost her.

Her bejewelled white fingers toyed with the flowers which served also as an excuse for bending her face lest he should read the love so plainly visible there.

Suddenly she looked up at him, forgetting the hyacinths in the interest of her question.

"Have you heard of the new arrivals, Vance?"

"What new arrivals, Gladys?" he asked.

"Mother and daughter—Lady Rooden and her daughter Angela. All London is talking about them."

"London loves to talk," he said carelessly. "What does the world say about them?"

"That they are both very beautiful, and so rich! No one could ever imagine that they were mother and daughter. The daughter is seventeen, the mother thirty-five; but her ladyship looks—so I am told—quite ten years younger, and has been pronounced one of the most lovely women in London, as well as one of the wealthiest."

Captain Vance's handsome eyes gleamed with interest.

"Rich, is she? Some people are fortunate. To be rich and beautiful is to have an undue preponderance of this world's gifts. Tell me about them, Gladys."

"Every one was talking about them at Lady Blount's. Lady Rooden is the widow of Sir Charles Rooden of Rood Abbey. He died quite suddenly four or five years ago—he was drowned, I believe—and left the whole of his large fortune to her."

"She will be a prize then," commented the Captain. "And what fortune has the daughter?"

"Lady Blount told me that the will was a somewhat peculiar one. Although he was so wealthy, Sir Charles left no separate fortune to his daughter; but at the mother's death everything goes to her—not before."

"The daughter then is not such a prize as the mother?" questioned the Captain.

"Not pecuniarily," replied Gladys Rane.

"What will happen if the mother marries again?" asked the Captain.

"Nothing. Her husband would have the full use of her wealth whilst she lived; but it would go to the daughter at the mother's death."

"And what," he asked, looking up, suddenly—"what if the daughter dies before the mother?"

"Then the whole of the property becomes hers to do with as she wills. What cold-blooded questions you ask, Vance!"

"I like to understand," he returned. "It is rather a novel state of things, and I am getting quite interested. The young lady holds a curious position; she is entirely dependent on her mother, yet at the same time quite independent of her."

"Yes," agreed Gladys Rane; "it is a strange position. Lady Blount knew Sir Charles many years ago."

"Why did he make such a curious will?" asked Captain Wynyard.

"Lady Blount says he had an idea that it would bind mother and daughter more closely together."

"Has it produced the desired effect?" he inquired carelessly.

"I should imagine so. Never were mother and daughter more closely united; they look like two sisters, and they seem devoted to each other. Most people seemed to think the mother more brilliant and beautiful than the daughter; yet Miss Rooden—so Lady Blount says—has a certain delicate spiritual loveliness far above more brilliant beauty."

"I am curious to see them," said Captain Wynyard; and Gladys Rane remarked quietly—

"Yes; I knew they would interest you."

"Where is Rood Abbey?" he asked next. "I am not sure that I have heard it mentioned before."

"Rood Abbey is in one of the Midland Counties," she replied. "Lady Blount says there are few more charming places in the country."

He looked at her with a sudden gleam of passion in his eyes.

"I wish to Heaven," he said, "that you had Rood Abbey and a large fortune!"

"So do I," sighed Gladys.

"What a curse poverty is!" he continued. "Here are you and I—we love each other—we have not said much about it, but we love each other—and yet——"

"I know," she interrupted, raising her face, which was full of pain, to his—"I understand."

"If my career had been a little less mad!" he sighed regretfully. "I have wasted two fortunes, and I doubt much whether I shall ever have a third. We are in the same position, Gladys—you will have to marry money, and I must do the same."

"I suppose it must be so," she said resignedly; but he noted the pain in her eyes and the trembling of her lips.

"I know no two people in the world who would be so happy together as you and I," he added; "yet, because we neither of us have money, we must stifle our love and always live apart. I wish you had a fortune, Gladys, or that people could do without money."

"So do I," said Gladys Rane, with a bitter sigh.

Yet neither of them for a moment had dreamed of what want of money and the desire to obtain it would do for them in the future. On that bright May morning, amongst the hyacinths in the sunlight, no warning came to them of the shape the future was to take.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN VANCE WYNYARD was a prominent member of London society. He was somewhat popular, though no one seemed willing to trust him implicitly, or indeed had any great faith in him. He was not yet thirty, but he had seen more life than most men double his age.

He had succeeded to a rich inheritance, and he had held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards; but before he had reached his twenty-fifth year he had spent his fortune and left the Army. His friends still called him Captain, doubtless because of his military bearing.

Wynyard was considered a fortunate man by those who knew him, for, when he had spent the whole of his fortune, another fortune was left to him by a maiden aunt who had always looked upon him as an ideal soldier and a perfect man, who never saw a fault in her handsome nephew, and who, when any especially piquant scandal was circulated concerning him, smiled complacently, merely remarking, "Young men must sow their wild oats."

With the large fortune she left him Captain Wynyard sowed a very fine crop of those same wild oats—so fine indeed that in the sowing he very considerably reduced his banking-account, and soon realized that he must give up his extravagances.

Then it was that he came to the conclusion he must marry money. He was in no great hurry to supplement his fast-vanishing fortune by such a step.

There were always plenty of plain-looking girls with fortunes on hand, he told himself; when he had enjoyed a few more years of bachelor-existence, he would begin to look round for a wife.

In the meantime he had met beautiful Gladys Rane, and, as far as it was possible for one so careless and selfish, had fallen in love with her.

At first, when he heard that she was the niece, and, in fact, the adopted daughter of the rich Lady Kinloch, he thought the course of his love would be smooth enough, and congratulated himself that he would be able to marry the woman he loved and secure a fortune at the same time.

But the first hint of his attachment which he gave to Lady Kinloch was received by her in such a fashion that he saw at once how utterly hopeless it was for him to expect to replace his wasted fortune by an alliance with Gladys Rane.

Her ladyship told him quite plainly that the man who had wasted two fortunes and was on the look-out for a third was not the kind of husband she desired for her niece, and that, if Gladys Rane made up her mind to marry such a man, she would never inherit a shilling from her.

She spoke so plainly and so earnestly that he saw there was no likelihood of her ever altering her decision, and from that moment all idea of marriage with Gladys Rane died in his heart.

He had not the moral courage to give her up, to tell her the truth and leave her; still less had he the courage to marry her without money.

He told her part of what her aunt had said to him, and left her to guess the rest.

Had he gone away at once, leaving to her the certain knowledge that there could never be any further question of love and marriage between them, it would have been kinder to her, and more straightforward on his part.

But, instead of taking that course, he continued to linger near her, making fierce love to her at times, and always lamenting the poverty that separated them.

Yet the word "poverty" was absurd as applied to his own case. He had a luxuriously-furnished suite of rooms in London, he rode his own thorough-bred, he frequented the highest society, he was a member of the leading clubs, he spent what some people would consider a small fortune on flowers and opera-boxes, he gambled and betted.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DINING IN STYLE.—An elegant dinner was recently given in this city which is described as perhaps the most gorgeous ever given in this country, that in New York where live swans swam in a miniature lake on the table, and where each plate cost $250. There were but ten persons present, including the host of the banquet. It took place in a chamber which was literary transformed into a bower of roses for the occasion. A round table, whose centre was completely covered with the choicest roses, was used. The plate cards were india-rubber tree leaves, with each guest's name inscribed upon them in gold. The women's leaves had their stems concealed in holly-berries and autumn leaves, and the gentlemens in open chestnut burrs. A solid silver card case was at each plate, on one side of which was inscribed the menu, and on the other the guest's monogram. With each woman's bouquet was a solid gold pin, each different. One was a sea horse with eyes of sapphire. The china used in the various courses came from the most famous famous manufacturers in the word. The head salvers were of old Satsuma ware, and the carafes of antique Japanese. The glassware was old English cut-glass throughout. Whenever the plates were changed, rare painted plaques were put in their place, which were passed along from one guest to another. The oysters were first served in artificial shells of the finest ware. The consomme, with stuffed plovers' egg, was served in plates costing $100 a dozen. Filets de turbot were next served on plates decorated with marine subjects. The tenderloins of beef reposed on equal their weight in gold platters. Then followed in succession stuffed mushrooms on antique Japanese plates, golden pheasants' breasts on fine Limoges plates, and sorbet served in slippers of ice for the women and broken egg-shells of the same material for the men. Asparagus points served on old English china came next, and then the wild ducks on Limoges plates, each decorated with some game bird. The salad came in on plates of antique ware, and Camembert cheese and pates de foie gras followed. The ices appeared formed as an illuminated castle, and strawberries on saucers of antique Corbeille ware accompanied it. Dresden cups were used by the women for their coffee, and Japanese by the men. The hand-embroidered doyleys which came with the finger-bowls of cut-glass were fastened to the latter by ribbons held by stuffed humming-birds and squirrel-paws. The guests sat at six p.m. and rose at midnight.

CURSES are always out of season.

ONE MORNING, OH! SO EARLY.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, "Hear the story, hear the story!"
And the lark sang, "Give us glory!"
And the dove said, "Give us peace!"

Then I listened, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty!"
When the wren sang, "Give us beauty?"
She made answer, "Give us love!"

Sweet is spring, and sweet the morning, my beloved, my beloved;
Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon the year's increase,
And my prayer goes up, "Oh, give us, crowned in youth with marriage glory,
Give for all our life's dear story,
Give us love, and give us peace!"

Kathleen.

BY VERA SINGLETON.

THE name suited her exactly. She was fair, and sweet, and stately, with tender blue eyes, and hair of the darkest auburn.

Lovers had she in plenty, but there were two who had out-distanced the rest, and it was hard to tell which one of these held the foremost place in her favor.

They were as unlike as possible.

John Stirling was a tall, ungainly-looking man, awkward in manner and hesitating in speech, the ugliness of whose face was more than half redeemed by its honest, kindly expression.

He was thirty-five years old, wore spectacles, and was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits.

Kathleen had scarcely emerged from pinafores when the Faculty of Belfast College appointed him Professor of Greek, a position he still held.

Shy and reticent to a remarkable degree, and possessing but little of this world's goods, it would seem as if he hadn't the "ghost of a chance" with such a bright, sparkling creature as our heroine.

His rival, Guy Lambert, was handsome, wealthy, and just twenty-five.

But if you looked closely at the dark, splendid face, and into the depths of his luminous eyes, there was something there that gave you a feeling of unpleasantness hard to describe.

Graceful and courteous in his speech and bearing; familiar with society, and versed in all its arts; deferntial towards ladies, and a great favorite of theirs; brilliant at joke and repartee and compliment; he was universally courted, and Kathleen was envied by more than half her girl acquaintances.

It is true there was not much depth in his conversation, and what he said often struck his hearers as false and insincere; but it was expressed in elegant and choice phraseology, and with an air of finished politeness; and society seldom looks beyond that.

Regarding him superficially, and with the eyes of the world, he was immeasurably Stirling's superior.

That very same world wondered much at Kathleen's hesitation between the two.

We, who have the privilege of reading her heart, can understand it much better.

She was a pure, good woman, and some fine instinct taught her to trust the one and doubt the other.

She could neither define nor explain it, yet half imperceptibly it influenced her actions.

But for this she would have accepted Guy Lambert long ago, for John Stirling's love was of the kind that expresses itself in deeds rather than in words and outward manifestations, and she could not help contrasting his cold and reserved demeanor with the valorous devotion of his rival, and wondering at herself for the interest she took in a man so plain, and awkward, and reticent.

"I am determined that I won't give him any more encouragement," she said to herself one morning while combing her hair. "He is good and kind, and I feel drawn towards him somehow; but he is not my ideal of a husband; and I've no doubt he would mortify me a dozen times a-day if I married him. Guy is so different. There is not a trace of the exquisite in his looks or manner, yet he is refined and polished, and any woman might be proud of his attentions. I feel sure he loves me devotedly, and I can't understand what makes me so insensible to his homage."

A tap at the door interrupted her soliloquy, followed by the entrance of a bright-eyed little lady, who exclaimed, joyfully, "Oh, I've such news for you, Kathleen! Aunty has consented to give a party in honor of my birthday; and I'm to have a wonderful new dress—pink silk, trimmed with black lace! But who would think me older than you?"—and she looked into the glass mischievously, "I'm actually twenty, and not married yet!"

"You look venerable," replied Kathleen laughing; "and, let me see—yes, there's crows'-feet coming under your eyes."

"You needn't make fun of me—I'm in earnest," and the round, childish face tried to look serious. "It's high time I was tired. I hav'n't such a lot of lovers to choose from as some folks!"

"Anything personal meant?"

"How conceited you are, Kathleen! But it is provoking to have people always telling me, 'What a beauty your sister is, Miss Rena; she doesn't look a bit like you!' or have some nice young man, to whom I have been making myself particularly agreeable, launch forth into ecstatic praises of your hair and eyes and complexion. The only thing that consoles me is, that they're sure to think you the oldest."

"And no wonder. You are just like a child, Rena!"

"So everybody says, and I'm beginning to believe it myself. Aunt Edith is continually admonishing me to be more quiet and dignified, like Kathleen; and there's only one person that seems to be satisfied with me as I am, and that is Mr. Lambert. I really think it's shameful the way you treat that man; and if I were in his place, I'd bestow my affections on someone more appreciative."

"Yourself, for instance?"

"Well, yes; that would be as wise a course as he could pursue."

"I've no objection, I'm sure."

"Then why not tell him so? But no; you must keep him dangling at your apron-strings, like the veriest coquette in existence. The idea of your refusing to dance with him last night because you were talking to that stupid Mr. Stirling!"

"That stupid Mr. Stirling, as you call him can be exceedingly entertaining when he is started on a favorite topic."

"He doesn't think me worth talking to then,"—and Rena tossed her head disdainfully; "for I've never found him anything but disagreeable."

"And that is the general verdict of society. He reveals himself to but few, and then only by accident; but there is more hidden than you dream of beneath his uncouth exterior."

"Maybe so; but I've no desire to investigate the matter. If you like him so well, why don't you marry him, and leave Mr. Lambert to me? Who knows but I might console him for your loss, and make him a better wife than ever you would?"

"Who knows, indeed? But I'm not so ready to marry Mr. Stirling as you would have me."

Rena was looking out of the window, and exclaimed, "Talk of the—— You know the old proverb. There goes Mr. Stirling now, with Miss Searle on his arm. Rumor says he is quite attentive in that quarter."

Kathleen flushed scarlet.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "He lodges in the same house with her, and is bound to show her common civility."

"But he's not a ladies' man, and wouldn't show me common civility if I lived in the same house with him a hundred years. But doubtless she is one of the elosen few you mentioned awhile ago."

"Do let us talk of something else besides our neighbors, Rena. I detest gossip. Wasn't that the door-bell?"

"Yes: and Mr. Lambert's ring, too, I verily believe. Shall I go down?"

And the large black eyes looked malicious.

"Mr. Lambert, to Miss Kathleen!" announced the housemaid, Ellen.

"And Miss Rena, too," said that young lady, wickedly.

"He didn't mention your name, miss, but asked for Miss Kathleen very particularly."

"Indeed!"

And Rena put on an injured air.

"Don't be absurd!" said Kathleen, looking annoyed, and dismissing Ellen from the room. "His call is meant for both of us, as usual."

"But he asked for you particularly."

"He might have thought you were out, or perhaps Ellen misunderstood him."

"Mr. Lambert is in the drawing-room, Kathleen," said her aunt from the door.

"But Rena won't go down with me."

"She is not wanted, my dear. He requested to see you alone."

There was no help for it. Kathleen turned a little paler, but without another word left the room.

She knew that the crisis of her fate was at hand, and that Guy Lambert had come for the answer she promised him a week ago.

At last she must decide between the two who had so long contended for her favor.

Never had woman a harder task. In her pocket lay a crumpled note from one, breathing such tender devotion as had thrilled her heart when she read it; the other she must answer face to face.

What was she to say? How the world would jeer if she rejected Guy Lambert and accepted John Stirling!

How disappointed her friends would be, and might not she have reason to regret it afterwards?

She entered the room in a dazed sort of way, but at sight of the man who was waiting there, graceful, courtly, and handsome, her irresolution vanished, and she left it, the promised bride of Guy Lambert.

Rena wasn't surprised at the news, nor her aunt either.

"And I'm glad that you've shown such good sense," the latter declared, "for I was half afraid you'd throw yourself away on that poverty-stricken Mr. Stirling."

"He is not so poor as you think," said Kathleen.

"He isn't to be compared, though, to Mr. Lambert."

"Certainly not;" and Kathleen sighed wearily.

But her fingers trembled as she wrote to John Stirling that night, and there was a heaviness at her heart that she could not account for.

"Every word will be a dagger to his soul!" she thought.

And the past, with its memories of this man's kindness, rose before her, and made her task the harder.

But it was finished at last, and it was well for her peace of mind that she could not follow it to its destination.

For despair was written on the face of the man who made out its meaning, line by line.

"Kathleen—oh, Kathleen!" he sighed, pitifully; "must I give you up, and to one so unworthy? For it was not your sweet face that attracted me most, it was the soul that shone out of your eyes and spoke in the tones of your voice. Guy Lambert will never know the worth of the prize he has gained. The finer part of your nature will be to him a sealed book forever. But you have chosen, Kathleen. Oh, Kathleen, my one love, my only love!"

They met at Rena's party a week afterwards.

Kathleen had never looked more lovely.

She wore some kind of a pale blue fleecy robe, and John Stirling noted, with a pang, the diamond circlet that blazed on her finger.

There was timid deprecation and entreaty in her looks as she said softly, "May we not still be friends?"

He bowed his head in token of assent, and begged to offer his congratulations. And that was all.

Every now and then he heard whispered comments on her beauty as she floated through the dance or promenaded with her partners, and once he met Guy Lambert's eyes fixed full upon his with an insolent, triumphant stare, for the enmity between the two, though silent, was none the less bitter.

"What is the matter, Professor?" said little Miss Searle, who had been watching him curiously. "Your forehead is all puckered up into wrinkles, and you look as black as a thunder-cloud."

"Do I?" said he, smiling. "I was thinking what a different world this would be if everybody's face revealed the secrets of their heart. There would be no need of detectives then; neither thief, nor murderer, nor hypocrite could escape."

"But hasn't some one said 'the face is an index of character?'"

"Yes; if we understand its language. But so few of us do."

"True," responded Miss Searle, "or there wouldn't be so many victims of misplaced confidence. Ah, there comes Mr. Lambert and this is the dance I promised him, so good-bye."

John Stirling shrank back into the shadow of the curtains (they were standing near an open window), and as he did so his attention was arrested by voices outside.

"And so Lambert is engaged!" said one. "What has become of Madeline?"

"Hadn't you heard? She drowned herself a year ago. Lambert drove her to desperation!"

Stirling couldn't help hearing these words, and a feeling stronger than curiosity held him motionless.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the first speaker. "I must have been away when it happened."

"'Twas a sad affair. But Lambert took it coolly."

"The cold-blooded villain! And what became of the young mechanic he supplanted in Madeline's affections?"

"The poor fellow failed in one or two attempts on Lambert's life, and went mad. He is in an asylum now."

John Stirling turned away, horror-stricken. He almost wished Kathleen dead rather than the wife of a man like this.

But what could he do? Would she not ascribe his accusations to jealousy? And of what avail would they be if Lambert denied them?

His eyes sought her where she stood in the further corner of the room, talking gaily; and her voice faltered and her cheek turned pale as she met that glance of speechless entreaty.

A few moments later he came to bid her good night.

And as he bent over her hand at parting, he whispered, "God bless you, Kathleen! If ever you need a friend, call on me."

It was a month afterwards that Kathleen said to Rena, "I am to be married, dear, on the first of December. Aunt Edith and Mr. Lambert have fixed the wedding-day."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rena; "you are very cool, and calm, and collected about it. Didn't you have any voice in the matter whatever? But I'm glad it's all decided, for you've acted lately as if you'd lost your last friend. Men are such curious creatures though, that the more reserved a woman is, the more infatuated they are with her.

Kathleen was prevented from replying by her aunt's entrance.

"I met Mr. Lambert down town," she said, "and he said that he'd call for you this afternoon, Kathleen, to see that new picture of Sir Frederick Leighton's."

Kathleen's eyes sparkled, and Rena said, disdainfully, "For my part, I've no sympathy with persons who go into ecstasies over a strip of canvas and a bit of paint!"

Kathleen was all ready when Mr. Lambert drove up that afternoon with his elegant turn-out; and it was with a feeling of self-congratulation that she noticed its luxurious appointments; for she was but a woman, after all, and loved to be surrounded by the evidences of wealth and taste.

This side of her nature Lambert understood and appreciated.

Whether it was the balmy air, or the cloudless skies, or the presence of this man beside her that gave her such an exquisite sense of enjoyment, she could not tell; but the troubles and perplexities that had haunted her for weeks past vanished as if by magic.

Never had life and the world looked more fair.

Bright and sparkling the stream of talk flowed between the two, and they were laughing merrily, when a shriek was heard.

"Heavens! we have run over a little child!" cried Kathleen, horrified. "Help me out, quick, Mr. Lambert!"

"But there is no necessity," said that gentleman, reining in his horses, and coolly inspecting the crowd.

"Why, don't you see the child is badly hurt—killed, perhaps?"

"It is only a beggar's brat!"

And he sneered contemptuously.

Kathleen's cheek flushed hotly.

"For shame!" cried she. "Hav'n't you any feeling?"

And she would have jumped from the carriage if he had not held her back.

"The child will be attended to," said he, coldly. "Let us drive on."

But with all her woman's strength Kathleen flung him aside, and sprang out upon the pavement.

He looked after her angrily.

"Ah, my lady," muttered he, "that temper of yours will have to be curbed a little!"

And his thin lips wreathed themselves into a wicked smile.

Kathleen pushed her way through the crowd to where the child lay, white and motionless, in the arms of its mother.

It was a little girl, not more than six years old, with tangled curls and a worn, pinched look that told of want and poverty.

A doctor stood near, but his face showed that all was over, and that he could do nothing.

Tearless and stony-faced, the mother held her child, and it seemed as if this blow had deprived her of reason.

Kathleen knelt beside her, and said, softly, "Oh, don't look so! It breaks my heart to see you!"

"Oh, my poor child!" said the woman, bitterly.

But seeing the look of compassion in Kathleen's face, her self-restraint gave way and she burst out into a stormy fit of tears.

Lambert hurried up at this moment.

"Do—do come away," he whispered. "The woman is a beggar. Give her money if you like, but don't stay here, I beg of you."

"Will money give life to that dead child!"—and Kathleen's voice shook with pity and anger. "Leave me, Mr. Lambert; I shall go home with this woman."

"As you please,"—and he turned away haughtily.

It was a poor dwelling to which Kathleen accompanied the bereaved mother, and her heart ached at sight of its squalid surroundings.

In the room they entered lay a sick child groaning on a pallet of straw.

"He's the only one left," said the woman, stonily, "and the doctor's given him up. He's the last of seven, miss, and their father's dead these three years."

The hot tears came into Kathleen's eyes as she looked at the little sufferer.

"What is the matter with him?" said she, gently.

"Scarlet fever, and a bad time he's had of it. He's been broke out all over from head to foot, and he's covered with sores now."

"Give me some water, please," said the child, in a weak, faint voice.

Kathleen held the cup to his parched lips and as she did so inhaled his breath.

She had reason to remember this afterwards.

"Would you like some lemonade?" she whispered.

"Indeed, and he would, miss, if you'd be kind enough to make it. There's nothing he likes better; and I've plenty of lemons and sugar that Mr. Stirling sent me."

Kathleen started at the name.

"Mr. Stirling!" she exclaimed. "I think I know him."

"He's a teacher, or professor, or something of the kind; and there's not many like him or 'twouldn't be so hard for us poor folks. 'Twas him that brought the doctor, and promised to pay him; and he told me to take the little girl out for a breath of fresh air, instead of keeping her cooped up here. But if he'd thought she'd got under the horse's feet, and I a watching her so careful —— Oh, miss!"

And the woman stopped in uncontrollable anguish, glancing towards an adjoining room, where rough but kindly hands were straightening out the body of the dead child, and preparing it for burial.

Kathleen made the lemonade, and did what she could to lighten the sufferings of the bereaved mother; and then, having promised to return the next day, went home.

Rena and Aunt Edith met her at the door having heard of the accident from Mr. Lambert; but she was too tired to talk much, or to care for their remarks.

Nor did she say anything of her quarrel with Mr. Lambert, though in the silence of her chamber that night she could not help contrasting his conduct with that of Mr. Stirling.

But he made his appearance on the following morning with such an humble apology that her resentment vanished, and she was induced to ascribe what had seemed unfeeling in his words and manner to his regard for her, and a fear that she would be led into danger by her impulsive sympathy.

A faint doubt of his sincerity stole over her; but she banished it resolutely, and strove to believe him to be the large-souled

noble-minded man that was her ideal of a husband.

She had no reason to complain of him afterwards.

The child was buried at his expense, and the mother made comfortable through his liberality.

About a week afterwards Kathleen was taken suddenly ill.

The family physician was called in, and after examining her tongue, feeling her pulse, and inquiring as to her symptoms, looked so exceedingly grave as to frighten them all.

Calling her aunt to one side, he startled that worthy lady out of the last vestige of her composure by saying, "Has she been exposed to the smallpox?"

"Not that I know of," was the trembling reply.

But, by dint of further questioning, the doctor discovered that Kathleen had been visiting a sick child, supposed to have the scarlet fever, and a light broke in upon his mind.

"It was the smallpox, I'm afraid," said he. "But there is no occasion for unnecessary alarm. With proper care and precautions, she will only have a mild form of the disease."

Then, having given some directions as to her treatment, and what was proper to be done, he left.

John Stirling overtook him at the corner of the street.

"Anyone ill at Mrs. Blaine's?" he asked with assumed carelessness.

"Yes, Miss Kathleen. But what's the matter, Stirling? You are as pale as a ghost."

"Tell the truth, doctor. Is it really smallpox?"

"What in the world made you think of that?"

And there was a look of consternation on the doctor's face.

"That child she visited had it. "You know the story?"

"Yes; but who called it scarlet fever?"

"'Twas a mistake of the physician's. But, oh, doctor, Kathleen's case isn't dangerous, is it?"

The worthy man of medicine looked surprised.

"So you are interested in that quarter, too!" he muttered to himself. Aloud, he said, "I can save her life; but as to her beauty, I'm not so confident of that."

"Disease cannot mar the loveliest part of Kathleen—her true, womanly soul!"

And, with a "Good morning," John Stirling walked off in another direction.

As fate would have it, Mr. Lambert, just coming out of Mrs. Blaine's, saw the doctor, and beckoned for him to wait a minute.

"What is the matter?" said he, hurrying up. "Miss Rona was in such a state of flurry and excitement, and her aunt wasn't visible at all; and the only thing I've been able to find out is that Miss Kathleen has been taken very ill, and that I'm not to go near the house, nor anyone else, until she is better. Something contagious, isn't it?"

"Yes; Miss Kathleen has the smallpox."

"Good heavens! you don't say so! What a risk I've run!"

And the man turned white, and trembled all over.

"What made them let me in?"

"Oh, you need'nt be alarmed," said the doctor, struck by his selfishness. "You're safe enough, sir."

"And Miss Kathleen—will she recover?"

"Yes."

"And will her face be badly pitted?"

"I'm afraid so. Smallpox is a foe to beauty!"

And the doctor smiled maliciously.

"Better death than disfigurement," said the young man, turning away.

"Ah, Kathleen, you may be thankful for this illness!" soliloquized the doctor. "Such an incarnation of selfishness as that young Lambert will never make any woman happy. I only hope she'll break the engagement, and that John Stirling will step into his place."

Mr. Lambert was so utterly neglectful of Kathleen during her illness, that even Rona and Aunt Edith began to suspect his baseness.

True, he was forbidden to enter the house; but he might have sent some kindly message, or shown a little sympathy, at least; for when Kathleen lay at the point of death—a fact of which he could not have been ignorant—they heard of him as one of the gayest of the gay at a fashionable assemblage.

No objection was made therefore, when Kathleen, at an early stage of her convalescence, wrote to release him from the engagement.

This was the answer she received:—

"DEAR KATHLEEN,—

"You are right in thinking it best to dissolve our engagement. The sight of your scarred face would be exceedingly painful to one of my sensitive organization. I give you back your freedom willingly, and trust you will find the happiness you deserve in a life of single blessedness. Good-bye."

Kathleen read it with a feeling of contempt that she had thought this man worthy a place in her heart.

John Stirling's conduct was something of a contrast.

He proffered his services at the commencement of Kathleen's illness, and fruit and flowers of his sending brightened the sickroom continually; and soon after her recovery he sent her a note, renewing the offer he had made before.

At this, such a throb of thankfulness stirred Kathleen's heart as convinced her she had loved him from the first.

She was touched by these words:—

"You cannot be otherwise than beautiful to my eyes, Kathleen. The face was fair but the soul was even fairer, and that will make your scarred features the sweetest in the world to me."

He, too, it seemed, as well as Lambert, was under the impression that she was terribly marked by the small-pox.

The truth was that, owing to the precautions they had taken, she was not pitted at all, and was even lovelier after her sickness than before. (The cunning doctor had been careful not to undeceive them, and had considered his duty done when he informed Stirling of the broken engagement.)

Kathleen was finally able to estimate the two men at their true value, and has never ceased to be grateful for the illness that made her Mrs. Stirling instead of Mrs. Lambert.

The Gipsy's Forecast.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I HAD been rambling one morning in the month of May, among the green lanes of Surrey, with their bosky dells, their odorous hedges all alive with snowy hawthorn buds, coming, ever and anon, into little villages, and then passing through copse and woodland, when, emerging out of a leafy coppice, the sounds of merry fife and the laughter of a number of young peasant boys and little maidens, met my ears; and presently I was on the skirts of a village green, where was to be seen a gipsies' encampment.

All at once, while I was leaning on my stout stick, and glancing at my dusty shoes, and then across the green, "all pied with daisies," a voice by my side startled me with its deep, contralto tones, saying—

"Cross the gipsy's hand with a piece of silver, and have your fortune told?"

I turned, and looked upon a face whose fascination took away my breath.

I have ever been sensible to facial beauty and had seen many a pretty face in my rambles, but none so attractive, so startling as this.

The hue was of a dusky olive, in which the rich blood mantled as in rapid pulses. The eyes were large and lambent, deep and dark, and flashing like wells of light out of brown, fathomless depths.

The lips were full, ruddy, and of a moist, vermeil hue.

The hair was black and glossy, stealing in long, sinuous curls beneath a wide coif, covered by a broad-leafed "buckie" hat, and, with the red cloak and the russet bodice, there stood before me the loveliest ideal of a gipsy of eighteen my eyes ever rested upon.

"Let me tell your fortune, sir."

But now came a procession of at least a score of gipsies—male and female, old and young, sturdy manhood, rich, mature matronhood, and old age, all going, as I guessed, to a neighboring fair; and their lips were full of furtive mirth, as the gipsy halted, and held me still by the witchery of her glorious eyes.

On they passed along the winding road, and were still together.

For a time I gazed dreamily after them, and then fell on her. The eyes had ceased to be bold—they drooped before mine.

"Your fortune, sir?" still echoed in my ears.

I was a handsome fellow enough—so my sister said. I was a strapping youth—five feet ten in my stockings—could pull and fence, and wrestle.

One man—a strong-built gipsy, a six-footer at least—turned upon me with something evil in his glance, in which I read a passion that in the unknown nature of the Romany I had never dreamed of before.

He spoke to her in a voice half of command, half of entreaty.

"Prance it, Judith, after the Rona and Juwas," he said, in Romany dialect.

"The Busnee blood is cold, and his ely smaller than his hand, and less to hold."

I did not understand his jargon, save that it was something depreciatory. The gipsy moved not; her smile, her exquisite face, was yet bent full upon mine.

Jealous!—jealous of me! I don't know to this hour what stirred my blood; but I never felt such a thrill of exultation as I felt at that moment.

I took out half a crown, and, giving it to her, held out my hand.

"Speak it Judith," I said.

"Read me my future, for it is very dark to me, and I would know it."

She followed the lines of life and death, doom and fate. Her look grew grave, and she lingered over her task with a certain troubled aspect which interested me.

"Strange!" she murmured: "for I see myself mixed up in this tangle of destiny. There is trouble; there is pain; there is peril; there is much of evil menace! And yet stranger, I see it writ here—ay, as plain as the stars are written down in the sky—that the Romany girl will meet the Busnee again, and help him in the moment when life, and all his future are quivering in the balance!"

"So be it, Judith," I murmured—"so be it. Come what may, only let me meet with thee again!"

"I see trouble and reverses, and sorrow like to heart-break; I see clouds and darkness, billows and tropic storms, and a fair land; I see a new home, the dawn of another day; and yet—oh master of the seal and reader of the dark secret!—I see myself there—there!"

"Where, Judith—where?" I cried, impatiently.

"Hush!" she said: "I may say no more! They call me! Hope, work, and wait! The years are as full of promise as the fields ripen for the harvest, and Time is full of revelations; but it is not the zingari that can read it. Farewell!"

And lifting my hand, as if in homage, to her lips, she bounded away like a doe, and left me, amazed, troubled, enraptured.

Did I read her half-hidden revelation truly? We shall see.

A week after I was in a vessel, going to seek a home and sources of living—here exhausted and hopeless—in Australia.

A year after I was in the heart of far Australian wilds, working like a man. My heart was light; hope was before me; success certain.

At home all had been loss, decay, ruin—my father dead, my mother and sisters portionless.

Fate pointed out to me that beyond the heaving ocean my new world lay. It was dawning upon me at last.

Then came reverses, illness, sickness next to death. I was all but ruined—well nigh dead.

One day a wounded bushranger came crawling to my door.

I sheltered, fed, protected him, and I at last recognized the gipsy whose look so menaced me. He was of the Cooper family and had to fly the country.

He became my laborer, my faithful right hand—true as steel to me; he would never leave me more.

"Judith will come," he said, significantly.

"But Judith—where?" my yearning heart cried. "Patience, patience!" I said. "We shall meet; it is decreed we shall meet!"

And at last we did meet: but how?

I was at Port Philip once, seeking for some laborers to hire, for my farm had increased, my stores multiplied, and I required more men to aid me. A vessel had lately landed there a remnant of emigrants, who, stricken down by plague, lay helpless on the beach, in canvas tents, and praying for death, from the tardy help the frightened people dared scarcely bring them.

Tottering to meet me came a wan, worn figure, with the rich olive of her wasted face almost faded, but the eyes were like glowing opals. I knew her at once.

"Judith!" I cried aloud.

"It is he!" she half shrieked, and fainted in my arms.

I did not tarry long at Port Philip, but hastened my return.

Judith, the magnificent, the matchless, has been my wife, the mother of my children,—a finer, nobler race eyes never looked upon. She has been mine—mine own—my beloved—my devoted for years now; and truly did she say our horoscopes were equal, our "houses" one, our destinies intertwined.

Those so dear to me, whom I left in old England, have long had a home here with me; and while we have cattle on a thousand hills, I am a master, a prince, a monarch in the rich benignant wilds that have been pastures, fields, vineyards, gardens,—all mine, and theirs to inherit after me.

That's how I had my fortune told, and it was told, as you see, by my wife, the gipsy.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—An exchange gives a vivid and brilliant idea of what a woman can do. The ordinary woman, it appears, can be cool as a cucumber in half a dozen light dresses and shirts, while a man will fume and fret in a single loose suit of boating flannels. She can talk as sweet as pooches to the woman she hates worse than rat-poison, while two men would be punching each other's heads before ten words had been exchanged.

A woman can sharpen a lead pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils, especially the latter. More than this, she can stick fifty pins into her dress with absolute safety and impunity from ill while the poor male creature is jobbing one under his thumb-nail and "saying things" which cannot be printed

But this does not exhaust the list of feminine excellences. It is woman, lovely woman, and lovely woman alone, who can walk about all night with an infant which has the colic, and not think of murdering it once.

She can also go to the theatre every evening to a matinee Wednesday and Saturday, and still muster up enough strength to attend a Sunday evening sacred concert.

Above all, a woman is the only living creature, concludes the cynic, who can dance all night in a pair of shoes too small for her, and extract compound bliss and the deepest of deep delight from every moment of the self-inflicted torture. This, however, is too libellous for anyone, and the quotation shall be at once nipped in the bud.

IF you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortunes assail you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the ordinary trials of life. When the hour of misfortune comes, whether it appears in the form of disease or pecuniary loss, face it manfully, and make the best of it. Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm, and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

A MAN who clearly has no good feeling towards some of his neighbors advertises in an English journal thus:

Dog (fierce) wanted for yard, with fondness for trouser seats. Address, stating price, Mr.——, No. 5 Bank Street, Brimingham.

Scientific and Useful.

OLD LACE.—Antique lace may be washed in borax water, and after soaking a while in it and then left for an hour or more in warm suds, the water should be squeezed and it should be pinned in shape on a clean board to dry. Do not iron it nor blue it.

FILTERS.—Chamois skin is now used by druggists as a quick filter for tinctures, elixirs, syrups, and even mucilages. It should be first washed in a weak solution of sal soda or any alkali, to remove any grease. With proper care it will last a long time.

MARKING INK.—To make a good marking ink, rub India ink in a solution of nitrate of silver, of about ten or twelve grains to the ounce. Write with quill pen, having previously rubbed a little starch in the place intended to be written on, and dry it; this keeps the ink from spreading. Press it with a hot flatiron, and let it be exposed to the light.

EFFECTS OF WOOD.—It is stated that some kinds of wood, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cedar prove that they will rot each other when joined together, but on separation the decay will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

TEMPERANCE.—The following statistics, says a French paper, constitute the best temperance lecture ever written: the comparctice probabilities of life for moderate drinkers and total abstainers are as follows: a moderate drinker, at twenty years of age may expect to live 15.6 years; at thirty, 13; at forty, 11.16; at fifty, 10.8; at sixty, 8.6. The probability for total abstainers is at twenty years, 44.2; at thirty, 21.25; and at sixty, 15.28.

THE TELEPHONE.—A magnetic telephone and telegraph is said to have been invented, which does away with the need of batteries. It has been tried over thirty-eight miles of wire, and the instrument can be made for twenty-five cents, of two ounces of wire and a half pound of steel. The transmitter is a horse-shoe magnet, either pole being covered with fine wire coiled carefully. The armature is a disk of steel, against which the voice is thrown and transmitted through the wire of the magnet. The size of the magnet is proportioned to the distance for which it is to be used.

Farm and Garden.

WATER.—It is said that scarcity of water is one chief cause of tough beef. Animals fattened in summer on succulent food are more tender than those of the same age and character fattened in winter.

IN THE DAIRY.—The milk that is to be used in the dairy must not be mixed with that from sick cows or dry cows; and the milk should not be used in the dairy until the sixth or seventh day after calving.

FLIES.—The following is recommended as excellent for keeping blood-sucking flies from horses and cattle: Mix twenty parts of glycerine with one part carbolic acid and rub lightly on the hair, but not on the skin.

FODDER.—It will soon be time to cut the cornfodder, and farmers will find it to their advantage to carefully store it, using it in the winter by cutting it with a fodder-cutter. As a rule, one-half the crop is annually wasted under the feet of the stock.

WHEAT FOR SEED.—When you are ready to sow your wheat select the choicest and plumpest grain. Shriveled seed should never be used. With good seed one-half the difficulty is removed. Make the seed-bed fine, and have all the conditions as favorable as possible.

SORE SHOULDERS.—It is very convenient to have a breast collar on the farm, made with an extra wide breast-piece, to be used in cases of sore shoulder. Of course such a collar must not be used in heavy work, as it will bear upon parts not sufficiently toughened by use.

GRASSHOPPERS.—A mixture of one pound sugar, one pound arsenic and five pounds bran, mixed dry and stirred up with sufficient water to make a thick mush, has been used with good results in the present grasshopper raid in California. The hoppers eat it readily, and it kills them by wholesale.

THE CHILDREN.—One of the best methods of interesting the children on the farm is to encourage them to exhibit and compete at the Fairs. They soon take an interest and pride in everything they see, and the habits thus implanted in them develop into business qualities and methods on the farm as they grow older.

THE WEATHER.—In cloudy weather grass dries but slowly, and is liable to be stacked or housed without sufficient curing. It is, therefore, the part of wisdom, when practicable, to cut meadows in fair weather. The precaution should also be observed of cutting only as much grass at one time as can be properly handled.

HINTS.—Some of the Western States have enacted laws compelling farmers to eradicate not only thistles but also burdock and wild mustard. The English farmers destroy obnoxious seeds in lawns by applying sand treated with sulphuric acid, sowing it broadcast. Close sleeping quarters, filthy yards and exclusive diet on corn is said to cause a majority of the cases of hog cholera.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Master and Man.

Master is the English form of the Latin *Magister*, and is the original of "Mr.," though that fact is often forgotten from our pronouncing the word, so contracted, "Mister." On the sea, in the college, the army, the law-court, and in every variety of art, "Master" is a familiar word. But we use it in the sense of one who has a certain control over others, as employes, assistants, apprentices. We offer a few suggestions as to the tone to be adopted by masters towards those over whom they have, no matter how, or to what extent, authority or control. We take the old phrase of purpose—"Master *and man*." Manner lies on the surface a good deal, and may first be noticed. A cordial gentleman of the old school used to touch his hat to every poor man who did so to him. The thing was unusual in that region with his class, and when his manner was commented upon, he said: "Am I to let these poor creatures be more civil and polite than I am?" Gentleness and courtesy may be, now and then, presumed upon and abused, but far more frequently they soften, win, and elevate those to whom they are shown. Think of a man of position addressing an employe, not even his, but of a corporation of which he happens to be the organ for the time, with those extemporized anathemas which it used to be deemed the exclusive privilege of great ecclesiastical authorities to pronounce. "He cursed me." "He swore at me." These things were, now and then, tolerated where the master was sometimes drunk, sometimes understood to mean nothing but stronger feeling than usual, and sometimes given to make up for the rudeness by capricious kindness afterwards. But with the average American a rough, coarse, rude manner, that does not recognize the manhood of the person addressed, makes a deep and bad impression. Alas! in many cases the real employer comes little into contact with the working people. Heads of departments—subordinates—often represent him. They, from inherent coarseness, or lack of any better way in which to show their authority, or from upstart pride or ill-regulated minds, are too often despotic, unreasonable and tyrannical, and their course appears to justify resentful action on the part of the "hands" that otherwise would never be approved. They do not know the Latin proverb, but they feel its meaning: "What a man does by another he does himself." Hence, it is well and wise for employers who do not come into contact with their "hands," to look to the manners of those who do, as their representatives. "Appeal to reason" is another tribute the master will do well to make to the man. "Now, my friends, you think I should pay you ten per cent. more than I do. But I can show you that if I do I shall only get two per cent. for all the money I have in this, and it will be better for me to put it in national bonds, where it will be safe, and stop all these works." The average working man would feel the force of this. "Consideration" is another debt that is due to the man. A faithful employe is sick, and the well to do master makes a call on him, expresses sympathy, inquires about the medical care he has, says a kindly word, and without making any great fuss about it, lets the man, or his wife, know that as this is a thing he could not help, the wages will go on till he is better. It is a simple thing, and not hard to the employer, but in nine cases out of ten it will tell for enduring good. It may not sound as grandly as a subscription to some public memorial, but it will lighten human hearts, brighten human faces, and be remembered when the other deed is forgotten. There are two ways of giving—indeed, three. In Continental towns you may see a row of beggars around a church door, and many drop money into their hands. The moral effect on the recipients is not the highest. "Oh, yes, he gave me money; why not? he is making his soul!" We write down what we know. That is one way. The second is to bring down the gift as a relief to yourself. It is easier to toss over the money and be done with it than to look into the case and feel sympathy. That demoralizes and makes dependent beggars. The third is to go into the home, to lay your hand on the poor sufferers, to bring heart to heart—it is "master and man," you remember—and there is moral power in the deed which is felt and remembered. Intercourse between master and man is less easy in cities and towns, perhaps, but it is possible. With a backbone of justice, a face of gentle courtesy, a voice of sweet reasonableness, and with kindly human hands, wealth or capital has nothing to fear in the long run. Without these, wealth is in the wrong, and is sure to be punished in the way of its sin.

Haste and Rest.

What a wrangling, scrambling, hustling, jostling world this is! See the anxious, careworn face, ever in a hurry, here and there, to and fro, for ever and for ever onward! No moment for leisure, no hours for recreation, no opportunity for cool, calm, ripening thought, and a more thorough knowledge of and better acquaintance with one's self. Everything on the high pressure system. The average child scarcely is out of the cradle when it is hurried away to school, compelled to sit six hours in a day, five days in the week, and from thirty to forty weeks for the first number of years, on a hard bench, studying the bare, naked letters from a printed book. Then comes the choice of a vocation and the rushing for its climax. And soon after, in natural order, follows the wrecked mind and body, failures, disappointments, regrets, discontent and unrest. The child has been literally crammed with food, whether digestible or indigestible, until surfeited. It has no relish for anything, and therefore loathes all. "Without haste and without rest" is a law of nature. Her productions are never premature, imperfect, or incomplete. With no conflicting or intermediate agencies, every plant and animal would grow natural, and therefore perfect, adapting itself exactly to the uses for which it was designed. The tree grows to a purpose, for use, extracting nothing from the earth and atmosphere but is necessary to its growth and sustenance. The flower takes just what it must have to grow and thrive, makes glorious its brief life with beauty and fragrance, and departs, leaving its storehouse packed with germinating seeds. The child delights to take its first lessons in the green fields, beside purling rivulets, studying the wonders of the earth, the sky, the trees, the pebbles, and all things else natural and beautiful. One watches for a fall in the rivulet in which to place his miniature water-wheel, and thus his first lesson as an amateur machinist. Another listens to the song of the birds and the breeze, and in his soul is whispered a nursery rhyme, developing thereafter into the ever-living productions of the true poet. Another studies the pebbles, thinks of their structure and variety, thus preceding the natural minerologist. And still another watches the stars in the clear blue sky, wondering if they are really worlds and how they travel, and whether they ever collide with each other, and who laid the track in the vast sea of blue for them to travel in. And so on through the long list of natural vocations to which humanity is adapted, each little organization drawing from the vast field of nature just what is necessary to its growth and development, and all acting in the sphere for which they were created, they prove successes, and the world calls them men and women of genius only because they are in the right place. Would it not be well to break away a little from the conventionalities of society, and, instead of forcing our children, like hot-house growths, into vocations in life not of their own choosing, give them time and opportunities to develop and perfect, so far as may be, the special talent God gave them each for the most wise and noble purpose?

THERE are those who say happiness is nothing; that one should not care or look for it. When you hear such a sentiment expressed, know that the speaker is saying what in his inmost soul he disbelieves. While nobody believes that happiness is the only object to be sought in life, there is not that human being who (say what he may) is not seeking it either openly or unacknowledged to himself. He who loftily waives off the acknowledgement of this fact, generally is at the same moment finding plausible excuses, of duty or present necessity, for securing to himself all possible ease and enjoyment. What is uncomfortable or disagreeable to do, is sure to be contrary to his ideas of right. What he wishes to do can never be wrong. By men's actions, not by their words, must we judge them.

IN the management of conversation avoid disputes. Arguments, as they are usually conducted, seldom end in anything else. If we have not the requisite patience, good-feeling, and politeness to prevent this, let us defer arguing altogether. The attitude of a seeker after truth is the only one in which to argue, whereas most arguments are pursued simply to uphold an opinion already formed and to overthrow an antagonist. The habit of talking too much and consuming the time that should in fairness be given to another is a very common blot in conversation; so is that of interruption, and of obtruding matters known only to two or three into a larger circle. Good taste and good feeling alike forbid these.

WHATEVER our purpose in life, if it is a good and true one, we may rest assured we shall promote it best, not by seeking for large and impossible views of it, not by waiting for the clouds that obscure it to pass wholly away and leave it in untempered light, but by cherishing every glimpse that is afforded, by discovering all that is thus revealed, and by so conducting our actions and our life as to embody in practice that which we have realized in conception. "In small proportion we just beauties see, and in short measures life may perfect be."

TIME'S moving finger writes, and having written, moves on; nor all your piety and wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out one word.

The World's Happenings.

Camp meetings originated in Kentucky.

"Liquid gunpowder" is the latest invention.

Street-car tickets have been abolished in Boston.

Old St. Louis families use negroes as pall-bearers.

England now has 15,000 temperance organizations.

The handsomest jewels are now set in silver, instead of gold.

Four millions of false teeth are manufactured in this country every year.

The Possum Trots and the Cotton Eyes are rival base-ball clubs at Toccoa, Ga.

The base-ball club at Valeti, N. Y., boasts the proud title of Sons of Defeat.

Memphis, Tenn., has a society in which membership secures coffins at greatly reduced prices.

Twenty lawyers appeared in a single case before the Supreme Court of New York the other day.

The Adventists have at last settled it. The end of the world is now positively fixed for May 14, 1885.

At the Waltham manufactory each watch undergoes no less than 3,746 operations before it is finished.

The children of Queen Victoria now take something like $600,000 a year from the purse of the British people.

The typical baby walks in forty-seven weeks, kisses in twelve months, and jumps in twenty-seven months.

An enterprising New Orleans Chinaman has published a Chinese calendar, printed in red, like a fire-cracker label.

Three of the original seven men appointed, with one commissioned officer, to guard Garfield's grave, have gone crazy.

Five thousand cigarettes are habitually sent by a North Carolina manufactory to the church fairs the managers hear of.

The gamblers driven out of Chicago have established their games on boats moored in the lake just outside the city limits.

Postage stamps are being used as currency in parts of Oregon in consequence of a scarcity of one and two-cent pieces.

The first conviction has been obtained at Chicago under a new ordinance which prohibits any deformed person from begging.

Colored people are more successfully photographed than white people. In taking pictures of animals, cats are the best sitters.

The French Government has just caused to be built a cot in which five 400 trained carrier pigeons ready for use in time of war.

The startling statement is made that about 50,000 letters addressed to the President of the United States are received at Washington daily.

Small placards, reading, "No cigarette smoking allowed in this office," are making their appearance in some of the New York business places.

A consignment of catfish, alive and in fine condition, has arrived from this country in England, where an effort will be made to acclimatize them.

An old resident of Jasper, Tenn., has left a large property in trust to be used for suppressing the habit prevalent among men of eating with their knives.

In Paris the people are asked to give their sous in aid of a project to bore a big hole far down into the earth to see what is going on inside this mysterious planet.

Music-boxes were invented about one hundred years ago, and are chiefly made in Switzerland. Some of them cost as high as $5,000, and are as large as a piano.

A man died from the effects of a cat bite, in London, lately, and a verdict of "death from hydrophobia" was rendered by the coroner's jury that investigated the case.

A prominent physician says that he has frequently of late been called in to see young boys suffering with diseased throats, and every case can be traced to cigarette smoking.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that a sick man has a right to diagnosticate his own case without the intervention of a physician, and has the right also to prescribe for himself.

A dove flew in at an open window of a church in Danbury, Conn., on a recent Sunday morning, and, perching upon a gas jet just over the preacher's head, remained there till the doxology was sung.

Tennessee has 300,000 worthless dogs, and a statistical citizen computes that 30,000,000 pounds of bacon, or meat for 10,000 able-bodied men for a whole year, could be produced by feeding to hogs the food consumed by the dogs.

In this country there are annually spent for liquor $930,000,000; for tobacco, $600,000,000; for bread, $505,000,000; for meat, $500,000,000; for iron and steel, $290,000,000; for woolen goods, $237,000,000; for sawed lumber, $225,000,000; for cotton goods, $210,000,000; for boots and shoes, $195,000,000; for public education, $85,000,000.

The belles of Saratoga have a substitute for kissing, and it consists in rubbing cheeks. The maidens meet; the nose of one is slid back about to the ear of the other, and the conjunctive cheeks, held hard, are slowly rubbed together until they part at the corners of the mouths.

Oakville, Kan., brings forward the champion mean man in a resident for whose wife the doctor prescribed wine. Wine could not easily be had, and the doctor furnished some from his private stores. When he sent in his bill the sorrowing widower laid an information against him for selling liquor in a prohibition county, contrary to the Scott law.

REGRET—PARTED.

BY M. B. F.

With every fleeting moment passing by me
A ship sails farther out upon the sea,
And angry foam-crest billows crowd between us,
But none so cold as thy hurt heart to me.

If only I could reach across these waters,
And clasp thy hand and gaze in mute delight
Upon the beauty of thy face, and leave thee
With just one tender, loving, last good-night.

I would be happier, oh! it is only
When friends are gone that most we feel their worth!
That thou should'st feel this angry doubt is harder
Than that we meet no more again on earth.

And who can tell beyond this life if ever
Our souls shall live and meet as here?
'Tis these sad thoughts that fill my heart with sorrow
And agony of dreary doubt and fear.

Who knows if ever in the life hereafter
My soul can say to thine, "Dear love, you know
The truth of all those sad misunderstandings
That parted us, although I loved you so?"

And you could say, "Dear love, your patient waiting
Through weary years of doubt, and loss, and pain
Is my one grief." If I could know hereafter
It could be so I would not once complain.

I would bear bravely all this life of trial;
I would not grieve you now or while I live,
But wait until we meet in yonder heaven
To whisper to your loving soul, "Forgive!"

O! angry billows tossing up between us,
O! leagues and leagues of unrelenting sea,
Ye are as nothing to the doubts that part us,
And heavier grows the weary heart in me!

St. John's Eve.

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

MARTHA HOLDEN was the prettiest maid in North Hants. Who shall gainsay it? But how am I to describe her.

"Aour Patty 'be fine enuff to be a lady-born!" was the oftspoken thought of her father and mother—the one under-gardener, the other ex-laundry maid at the "Great House."

And sure enough, Patty, according to the witnesses, had for some time been in a fair way to have her head turned by her many admirers.

A nod and a chuck under the chin from the "young Squire;" and a "Waal, if she beant neo!" from John Brown, the grizzled old earth-stopper, as he saw her whisk across the courtyard, were perhaps the highest and lowest gradations of admiration directly expressed. But even "The Squire" had been heard to say to "My Lady": "Egad, Jane, that Holden girl is devilish pretty!"

And every farmer and farmer's boy, whip and groom, keeper and poacher, within ten miles of the Great House was worshipping, or had worshipped to his cost, at the shrine of this Venus Sylvestris.

However, Patty was "going along" eighteen, and her little heart seemed as sound as a bell; her cheek was round and rosy as a peach; her blue eyes glanced clear and honest through the dark lashes, and her whole demeanor defied the most curious of gossips to say she had a thought other than to wait on her young mistress.

But innocent as she looked—innocent as she really was, Patty hugged to her own heart her little secret; and though scarce ten words had passed between them, she knew full well as he, at the time our story opens, Christmas 17—, that William Halfacre of Eversley, "Gipsy Will" as they used to call him, was her accepted lover.

Simply enough, and in this wise had it come about.

One day in August previous, North Hants had challenged South Hants to meet on the cricket-field outside of the garden gates of the Great House; and Southampton and Lyndhurst, Portsmouth and Winchester, had mustered against Bramshill and Basingstoke, the Vine and High Clere, to try their respective worths.

No day was it then, as now, of white flannels and straw hats, fancy blue-ribbons, and silk waist handkerchiefs, of four balls and over, and lightning-paced round-arm bowling, done by gentlemanlike professional cricketers, who made their cool hundred, and lounged into the marquee for a cigarette and claret cup.

No. In black tweed broadcloth and white duck trousers, white frilled linen shirts and tall black hats, did our heroes of the close of the last century meet to "do each other to death" with slow and fast under-hand bowling.

And what need of a marquee was there on that field where each mighty linden of the avenue on one side, or massive oak along the church path, along the other side of the lawn, was in itself a tent for a regiment.

What need of a claret cup when the "old October" foamed in the Great House silver tankards under a holly bower presided over by the brewer thereof—the old family butler?

And among the heroes of the "willows" gathered round the group of oldsters gravely discussing in the centre of the field the merits of the wickets—how many runs it should be into the ditch, how many over, &c. &c.—stood Gipsy Will, the fastest bowler and hardest hitter in North Hants.

A second son of a favorite old tenant, the Squire had a few years before given him a start on a moorland farm—much too plodding a life for Will, who soon exchanged it for an underkeepership; wherein the numberless affrays with poachers kept excitement alive and stimulated his manhood into energy.

"Play" was at last called: and North and South Hants bowled and batted, ran and fielded, and when occasion came for it, ate and drank as if life depended on it.

The Rector kept the score, and cheered each good hit to the echo; and the old Squire made his pad-groom lift him out of his low phaeton standing under the lime-trees, and deposit him in a big arm-chair, with his gouty foot on a cushion, a little nearer the play, and even forgot to curse him for a clumsy fool, so exciting was the game.

At last the winning hit was made by Gipsy Will. But the day was not over yet, as are the last cheers for the conquerors and conquered had died away, a fiddle and clarinet struck up a country dance, in which it was somehow fated that Martha Holden and Will Halfacre should "cross hands and down the middle"—a presage of what should follow.

Suffice it for the present, that as Patty walked back to the House with him an hour after, as the drowsy shard-beetle took the place of the bees in the lindens overhead and she stole a look into Will's face and thought of his manliness and beauty, she loved him once and for all, and he looked down on her and loved in return.

But the lime-tree leaves began to turn and flicker down on to the lawn, the bracken bronzed under the sun, the last red-heather blossom turned purple, mauve, and then brown, the puppies came home from walk, and cub-hunting began—and still no sign from William.

November and the opening meet of the season brought its houseful of guests—its breakfast-table set in the great hall gay with pink, green, and black coats, white breeches and boots—spurs jangling on the stone floor—the hounds frolicking round the huntsman on the lawn, save only one, old "Harbinger," the Squire's pet, that was snoozing at the old man's knees inside—and brought for Patty its helter-skelter run with her young mistress along the grass ride, to get before the rush of horsemen to the old summer-house, where, encased in sturdy velveteen, gun on arm, and retriever at heel, stood Gipsy Will.

The sign came! A bow and a blush for "my young lady," a blush, a bow, a sudden drooping of the eyes for Patty. She was content! and repaid all three with interest; but no word yet.

The hunt is up! The "dappled darlings" are leaping madly through the brown bracken, the glen re-echoing their maddening melody.

The last faint note of the horn has died away into the dark bank of fir-woods; but the beauty of all around her is lost to Patty in the memory of those brown eyes that so lately drooped before her own.

Winter's first snow brings her first troubles for Patty. For some time past she has noticed that the young Squire's looks have their significance, and troubled she is. Shall she confide her fears to anyone?

No! William may speak now that he has got his new cottage, and then she will be safe.

But William is doomed not to speak; for the night of the snowfall the "Hartford-Bridge boys" swoop down on to the Squire's coverets, and handle Will so roughly, before the rest of the grooms can come to his rescue, that he is carried down on a hurdle to his father's cottage to be nursed for a month, leaving poor Patty doubly disconsolate for the loss of her lover, and for the knowledge that she is at the young Squire's mercy.

However Christmas passes without any fresh encounter, and by carefully keeping out of his way she manages to tide over the time till he goes to college again—not to be back till summer.

Easter comes round; a late Easter, but a bright Easter to Patty—for coming home from the village on Easter Eve, with some of the other servant maids, over the moor, at the head of the avenue stand, at first sight to the girls' terror, and then to their relief, two men—old Stratton, the head-keeper, and Will Halfacre—ready to pilot them safely through the darkness of the firs. And as the old man warms up into some keeper-Saga—how under that very tree some one had killed some one else that was deer-stealing—William drops behind with Patty, and speaks!

Hoot! hoot your warning to them, wise old owl coursing through the trees! You know how hard it is to find food for two young ones in the old church-tower at Eversley, and avoid keeper's traps! Yap! yap your warning, crafty Mr. Fox!

You too have your family cares, and rabbits are scarce, and cubs are hungry!

But the wisdom of the owl and the craft of the fox are unheeded; and the young couple live a life-time of love in that short homeward walk.

Happy at last was Patty.

But still a cloud hung over her little horizon. The wedding-day was not to be till after midsummer—till after the pheasants' nesting season was well over; as, till then Will would have to be up and out all night and every night; and "who knows," said he carelessly, "that the Hartford-Bridge boys mayn't pay us more visits?"

May's thirty-one days were long to Patty, especially as the Hartford-Bridge boys had one heavy brush with the keepers of the Great House, and then another, till Patty began to fear for her swain's life. An impulsive lover was Patty, having once loved, her love was her very life—and when the third brush came with the poachers the poor child was well-nigh wild.

A month still of the pheasant season and the most dangerous of all—how could she survive it?

What could she do to help him? Pray? She had prayed morning, noon, and night. Could she ask her young mistress to Intercede with the Squire to get Will something else to do?

No—she dare not.

The Squire at that moment was red-hot, externally and internally, with gout, and he had already given Will two chances. He would never give him another.

What was to be done?

While she was racking her poor little heart-strings and brains to find some securer life for her beloved, one day there appeared at the hall-door, where the old Squire was sitting in the warmth south sun, watching the hounds exercising on the grass plot, the well known face of Dinah Lee—the Mother-in-Israel of all North Hants gipsies. Every one was kind to old Dinah; and the Squire even, after cursing her and her tribe, for sheep-stealers, and goodness knows what else, chucked her a shilling, and sent her round to the buttery-door, where, as luck have it, she met Martha.

Of all people Dinah was the one Patty had wished most to meet, for a story of her grandmother's had been running in her head for the last few weeks, to the effect that if "some one" did "something" on St. John's Eve, it would render him or his friends invisible.

And ere Dinah could say a word Patty had drawn her into the buttery-room, crossed her palm with a silver sixpence, and asked the result; which was simple enough, for Dinah had seen the cricket match nigh upon a year ago and——

"My pretty honey would marry a tall dark man, but not till he had passed through many dangers—even to the danger of death, from which he might not recover."

Too fluttered to see the incoherence of this prophecy, Patty then broached her more important question.

Was there not some way Dinah could tell her that would make her lover invisible, so as to save him from all these dangers?"

"Yes;" but Dinah could not let out the secret to everybody. She was "poor and had to live."

In a few moments the little hoard of money from Patty's box upstairs was in the old gipsy woman's hand, in answer to which came these directions:

"On Saint John's Eve, between eleven o'clock and midnight, if you would find invisibility, take a platter of wood, and let there fall into it some seed of the king fern; which done in fasting and in silence, will ensure you to walk both day and night in heat and cold, rain and fire, without being seen."

"But where am I to find the king fern?"

"Ask your man, honey," was the only answer vouchsafed; and to avoid further questioning, Dinah slipped away, deaf to all entreaties and even to the enticements of the larder.

On that same day Patty found out where the king fern grew, under the summer-house hill; and 'twas only the next day that Will, unwitting of the purpose, had provided her with a specimen of the fern itself, a wooden platter, and a full description of where to gather more down in the damp shaughs.

Verily life seemed unbearable to Patty for the next few days, overwrought as she was with fear for her lover.

All the superstition of the old southern Saxon blazed up in her, so that, though Dinah had not absolutely said the fern-seed would render Will invisible to the poachers, she had come to the conclusion that if she could gather it herself, she could hover about him like a guardin angel and save him from harm.

A doubt of the infallibility of Dinah's specific never entered into her mind.

Even the coming home of the young Squire towards the middle of June was of no import to her, though he was more ardently inclined than ever.

Patty lived only for her love, and ignored all else.

Indeed, so pale and anxious she grew that every one noticed it; but with set purpose before her, she looked not right nor left, except to make such love to the old housekeeper as should get her possession of the key of the door leading on to the terrace, whence she could easily go round by the bowling-green into the park.

St. John's Eve came at last! The morning seemed unending, the afternoon intolerable, and tea in the housekeeper's room oppressively weary.

As luck would have it, Patty's young mistress went to bed early that night.

The lights in the lower suite of state-rooms were put out at a little past ten, and eleven o'clock found Patty creeping on tip-toe down the staircase into the great hall, through whose latticed windows the moon streamed in on to many a trophy of Middle Age armor—on sword and lance, Puritan leather jerkin, pike and match-lock—and trophies of flood and field—from the last red-deer head that graced the chase nigh three hundred years ago, to the mask of the last gallant fox that had died before the hounds in February.

Nervously she unlocked the door and stepped out into the intense black shadow of the Great House.

Beyond the terrace the home grass-park was a blaze of moonlight up to the Great Oak, beyond which the broken ridges of bracken and bramble, thorn and mountain ash, were shadowed in with mighty blue-black pines.

But there is no time to stay; and keeping in the shadow, Patty flits along the terrace, through the arched gallery door, under which the grand Court ladies of former days had sipped their chocolate with Lady Zouch, and gossiped while the men were playing bocce on the bowling-green outside.

Across this to the little arbor Patty steals like a hunted hare, conscious that there is the only dangerous spot.

A moment more, she has passed the arbor, clambered over the little stone parapet, and without waiting to think of its depth has jumped into the moat surrounding the terrace.

Here she pauses to listen: but no sound, nor sign, save the bleat of the sheep and whinny of colts in the grass-park, and the quick palpitations of her own heart.

Little did she suspect that within fifteen feet of her in the arbor, crushing down his wonder and excitement, sat the young Squire, who to avoid parental objection was enjoying his evening havanna under the moonlight; and who had half recognized in the black-cloaked figure flitting past the arbor, Patty Holden, the girl of all others he most wished to have a word with.

Where could she be going? To see whom, were the questions that puzzled him. To see some relation or sick friend, she would have openly asked for leave, or for an escort.

No. This pointed to some clandestine meeting, the which he would take steps to see, and by taxing her with it turn it to his own profit.

As Patty's footfall died away on the soft turf, the young Squire slipped out of the arbor, and vaulting over the railing, dropped into the shadow to follow her footsteps so soon as she should be fairly hidden in the Lime Avenue.

The Lime Avenue! How sombre it seemed to poor Patty, heedless of the scent of the last few blossoms dying upon the night—of the great moths that swooped and fluttered in and out. She saw only a roof of foliage arching in a great shadow, the grey and grisly stems, and the glare of the moonlight outside, into which she longed but dared not, to step.

Any one from the House, or some of the men coming home, might see her there; while in the gloom she was safe from all save the dread of a nameless "something" stepping out and confronting her from behind every tree-trunk.

The end of Lime Avenue is reached, and the Winchfield road crossing her path at right angles gleams white in the moonlight—the crossing sentinelled by four giant silver pines, from whose lordly tops a single jackdaw begins to chatter as he sees her, and as the whole rookery take up the cry, she shrinks back in terror against the stem of the last linden.

But it is too late to go back now. Will's life—her own—depends on the success of her venture.

The long grass moonlit ride, fringed with heather and marked with scattering firs, would soon give place to the darkest forest, in which there would be more safety; and after a moment's hurried prayer, she sped wildly up the ride amid a chattering volley from the jackdaws.

The great silver fir—scarred and scored from crest to boll by lightning, the wonder of her childhood—is passed and many another noble landmark of the chase, till she stops at last on the edge of the thicker forest under the shade of the well-known Deformed Scotch Fir, which, unable through some youthful injury to rear a head as proudly as his brothers on either side, has perversely grown outwards and downwards till it has formed a bower fit for the Fir-Maiden herself.

As soon as the excitement of movement had passed, a deadly fear of impending evil came over Patty; but the brave little spirit would not quail; and out again she crept into the moonlight, only to shrink back with a cry, as through the pines overhead, with every undulating motion, there swept a broken sheet of white, twenty feet square and then silently faded into the distance.

Poor child! little did she dream, as she cowered under the fir branches, that that same sheet which had scared many a one before, and should many a one afterwards, was only a herd of swans wending their nightly way from Dogmersfield to Bramshill great pond to the Loddon at Swallowfield.

But to Patty, as to others, it was a veritable moving apparition of the ghost and bogy of her childhood; and long it was ere she could muster courage for another start. She could but die; and what if she did die for Will's sake?

Better that than have him killed and leave her desolate. Then, fancy, if she was successful! if she reached the fern-seed, gathered it and gave it to him, so that he would henceforth walk invisible among the poachers! For that meant absolute safety.

Yes! up on! till the pine-needles crisped under her tread.

With an occasional start as a nightjar swoops into her path in pursuit of a moth, a rabbit scuttles into the fern, or a flock of snipe wails across from the moor down to the gleaming reaches of the river below, at length she emerges from the forest on to a chine, on the further end of which glints white the summer-house. On either side the hill slopes down abruptly, covered in with bracken.

It is not however to the right, where far below the thorn-bushes rise in the dell, but to the left she looks anxiously, where the gleaming stems of the silver birches mark the boggy stream by which grows the king fern.

She can hear the dogs at the keeper's half a mile away break out into answering tongue as a fox sullies the stillness with a querulous bark; which reminds her that she is standing out in the open moonlight, where some of the keepers or watchers may see her. So she plunges down the little moor-path, and disappearing in over-arching fronds of bracken is lost to sight to the young Squire, who, more and more puzzled with her manœuvres, almost made up his mind to betray himself.

But, perhaps this doll may tell its tale; and cautiously he too dives down into the bracken, and is lost to sight by a third person—Gipsy Will himself, gun on shoulder, who, unknown to either of the others, has been keeping pace with them through the firs to the left—a more puzzled spectator than even the young Squire.

The young Squire he had known at once; but Patty was not so easily recognised, nor the reason for her being there, and being followed.

There must be something wrong about this. And he too disappears under the green blanket of fern, converging so as to meet the other two at the bottom of the dell.

Not twenty yards apart do the two men reach it, and twenty yards ahead of them on the tinkling moor-stream side, hedged in with silver birch stems, stands Patty Holden in the moonlight, shaking into her platter a giant frond of *Osmunda Regalis* that towers above her head, while her face shames the very moon in paleness; and the two men see her whole form quivering with emotion.

The young Squire first recovered his *sang froid*, and jauntily stepped out from the shadow with a "Hullo! little Patty!"

The girl's wild shriek as he stepped forward to put his arm round her, roused all the slumbering devil in Will's heart, and clubbing his gun he sprang forward.

The Squire's sword was out in a second, and, ere the gun-stock descended, was through Will's left arm; nevertheless the blow fell fair on to the young man's shoulder, crushing him senseless to the earth.

* * * * *

About two months afterwards, the door of a cell in Winchester Gaol opened, and a keeper said to its inmate, "Hallaere, you're in luck! The Squire of Braunshill is better, and instead of proceeding against you, they have withdrawn all charges; and here's Patty Holden brought the warrant for your release."

In another moment Patty was nestling in his bosom, and telling in disjointed sentences how the young Squire had said it was all his own fault, and how he had frankly forgiven; and how the old Squire, though he could not keep Will on the place, had got him a head-keepership in Hertfordshire, and that he was to go there immediately; and how she loved him, and that they are to get married at once: that she'll tell him how she got his release by-and-by, and twenty other things—all of which Will quite forgot in his bewilderment. And to the day of his death he never remembered rightly what passed at Winchester Gaol, except that he got out, and that Patty there and then extracted a promise from him that he should never refer to the subject of picking fern-seed on St. John's Eve.

The Whirlpool.

BY E. M. DAVY.

IT is in a corner of the great Bay of Storms on the coast of France, that Haven of the Lost where almost every day the Atlantic gives up some of those drowned in its depths.

Even when the great green waves roll in unburthened by their ghastly freight, and the passionate grey gulls are circling and screaming over no grisly find than some stray weed or wreck, there is always a grim sense of expectation, a haunting consciousness of that weird procession of the dead, drifting ever slowly, night and day, one by one, hither.

Of course it is the stranger only who is thus affected. To Jacques Bonhomme and his wife, and the dozen or so of youths and lasses who flounder about among the rocks and pools like so many young seals, this peculiar harvest of their own peculiar sea is very much as other harvests are to other Jacques Bonhommes and their belongings elsewhere. But now the lives of these people have been broken into by a new-comer.

"Charles Stavert, Londres." That is the description of the mysterious "student of cadavers," duly entered by himself in the strangers' book of his hotel.

Nearer seventy than sixty would be your first verdict as you noticed the white hair and bent figure and lean, trembling hands.

Then, as you looked a second time, a little more closely, a strange, and, if you were at all soft-hearted, a somewhat painful feeling would come over you as you noticed that the face, though almost as blanched as the hair, was quite smooth and unwrinkled except for a drooping line on either side of the rarely opening mouth and one deep furrow between the delicate black eyebrows.

Save when looking seaward for some expected "arrival" the eyes beneath them are very seldom raised from the ground. Once a young English couple on their wedding trip had landed for some reason from their yacht and stopped him with a question.

Then he had lifted his eyes to the bright fair face of the happy young wife; and the brightness of the smiling features had died away as the smile faded to a piteous little quiver of the sweet, sensitive lips; and presently, all English as she was, the girl had suddenly hid her face upon her husband's shoulder and burst into tears.

That was a fortnight ago now, and the Davenants were still there.

Something, it seemed had gone wrong with the yacht, which had been sent back to Cherbourg for repairs.

Archie Davenant had suggested a run inland till she returned, and had been prone to a little jealousy over that keen interest in the white-haired stranger on which his wife openly based her preference for remaining where they where. But Archie Davenant was a good fellow, and quite sufficiently in love to be more than commonly tender-hearted.

So Carrie's feelings for "that poor Mr. Stavert" soon extended itself to his own breast, and presently he became as interested in the silent "student of cadavers" as Jacques Bonhomme himself.

Hitherto, however, the acquaintance had made but little progress. Mr. Stavert was polite but unapproachable.

One appeal, and one only, would meet at any moment with prompt and unfailing response. It was just four words, whispered, no matter how low, in the hoarse voice of Jacques Bonhomme.

"Here is another, sir."

In an instant a flash of eager anticipation would pass over his features, to be instantly succeeded by a sharp spasm of pain.

And then, with set teeth and a deep furrow between the brows, more deeply lined than ever, he would stride away to the water's edge, and stand there, waiting, waiting, till the "new arrival" lay at his feet.

A look, a sigh, a shake of the head, and then his steps would be retraced again—not with the swift, firm stride of a little while before, but slowly, almost totteringly, with bent head and wavering, purposeless feet that stumbled at every little stone in the path.

And as he passed the rough fishermen would stand aside, lifting their hats in unnoticed courtesy, and the women would cross themselves and murmur a prayer.

And now five days had gone by without a single "arrival," and with the sixth came back the English yacht. Stavert had grown very restless, constantly making his way to the highest point within reach and gazing out through his glass upon the blue expanse of ocean, now smooth as a lake and glittering oilily in the August sun.

All through dinner his eyes had from time to time been fixed upon Carrie Davenant with that strange, pitiful gaze which had gone so straight to the young bride's heart at their first meeting.

Once, when, in the course of conversation, Archie had mentioned Rio de Janeiro as the probable ultimate destination of the yacht, Stavert had uttered a sharp exclamation as of sudden pain, and had let fall the glass he was in the act of raising to his lips.

Dinner passed and evening came; and the young couple, who were to resume their voyage in the morning, strolled down for the last time to the shore for a breath of fresh evening air.

Their talk turned naturally upon the mysterious Englishman; and as they talked a slow footfall approached unnoticed on the soft sand, and the Englishman himself stood beside them.

"Pray pardon me. I did not mean to startle."

The words were simple and commonplace enough, but there was a scarcely repressed excitement about the tone which at once attracted attention.

Archie Davenant replied in some words of course.

Carrie held out her hand silently, making room for the newcomer on the broad rock on which she and her husband were placed.

He took the proffered seat with a silent bow, then remained for some minutes without speaking, his features working as with strong emotion and white to the very lips. Then, suddenly rising, he laid his hand on Archie Davenant's arm and led him aside some half-dozen paces, out of earshot of his startled bride.

"You are going to—to——"

"To Rio? Yes. We hope so, ultimately."

"To take—her?"

"My wife? Yes, certainly, if I go."

"You must not go. No. Forgive me; I don't mean to be rude, and I am not mad—no, not mad—though my head burns still and I seem to lose count of time." He paused a moment looking out seaward with a troubled, wistful, half-puzzled expression. Then he pressed his hand on his eyes a moment, and went on. "Forgive me once more. If my manner be strange, pardon it. I have been—ill, you know. And—well, I am going to speak of that of which I have never had the courage to speak. Will you listen?"

"Listen, my dear sir! Of course I will. But if it's painful——"

Stavert checked him with a quick, half-impatient gesture, and went on——"

"You are connected with—the shipping trade, I think?"

"Not personally. My wife's family are engaged in it, and——"

"Did you chance to hear of the loss of the—the 'Titan'?"

"The 'Titan'! She was one of Carrie's uncle's ships—Boscawen Brothers. Went down in the North Atlantic only the other day in a collision."

Stavert shook his head.

"No, not in a collision."

"Well, nothing is known absolutely for certain, of course; but one of her headboards was picked up with her name on it among a lot of other wreck; and within half a mile or so an old man was found insensible, floating on a topgallant yard which certainly didn't belong to the 'Titan,' because it was painted black, and all Boscawen's ships use white paint aloft. So there was two of them any way."

"Two of them? Ah! yes; there were two."

"But what—I beg your pardon, but you seem to know more than——"

He paused; but the other made no reply. He was clasping both hands over his eyes, as though to shut out some terrible vision; and his lips were pressed together into one grey line. Archie resumed—

"We were particularly anxious to know the truth about it, for one of Carrie's great-uncles was lost in her."

Stavert looked up for a moment as though recalling some distressing memory, and answered slowly—

"Yes, of course—Mr. Wilson Boscawen."

"Exactly. In fact, it is partly about his affairs—But, pardon me, how——"

"How did I know this?" replied the other as Archie paused a moment, a little puzzled and doubtful. "Did you not say just now there was 'an old man' saved?"

"Yes—from the other ship."

"No, no, not from the other ship. Ah! my God! no! no one from her! no one from her!" And the speaker bent his head upon his hands while his whole frame shook with emotion.

Davenant waited a few moments, then strode hastily back to his wife's side.

"Carrie," he began abruptly, "I don't know what to make of this. You remember the 'Titan' and the old fellow who was picked up and had brain fever, and just as he was getting well and they were going to question him bolted. Look here, little woman, I don't like it a bit. It seems to me there's been foul play somewhere——"

"Oh, hush! hush!"

But Stavert was already at their side, and now spoke, calmly enough, but with an effort at self control.

"No, Mr. Davenant, there was no foul play. I am the rescued passenger—God help me!—from the 'Titan.' Not an old man, as you see: twenty-five next birthday Twenty-five. Yes, I got away from them. It was weak, perhaps, not to be able to talk of it; but I could not then; and there was no good to be done. Ah, no! Now the hearing may perhaps deter you and your—and madame—from encountering a similiar danger. Listen:

"I was engaged to be married. My—she—was living at Rio. I need not go into details which have no direct bearing on my story. But it seemed impossible at the moment that I should be able to spare time for the voyage to South America to fetch her, and it was arranged that she should come home to some friends in England." She was to come in the 'Fire King' a large screw steamer sailing on the first of the following month.

"I was in the wilds of Cornwall, spending some time with an invalid uncle who had always been very kind to me. He had already one stroke of paralysis, and was in almost daily expectation of another, which, as the doctors plainly said, would certainly be fatal; so, when, on the day week before the 'Fire King' was to sail, the death of a distant relation, whose heir I was, suddenly made me my own master, I could not possibly leave him until my promised ten days' visit was ended, and my cousin had returned to take my place.

"So I wrote to a friend in town asking him to call on my solicitors and do all that was needful, and especially to secure a passage for me in the first ship for Rio.

"At the same time I wrote a telegram announcing my change of plan, and pinned a cheque to it ready to take it over myself, with the letter, to the postoffice five miles off.

"I'd hardly finished it when I was summoned hastily to my uncle's bedside. The end had come; but it was evening before all was over, and I of course could not leave him.

"But it was of no consequence. Jack Daly, I knew, would send the telegram from town, so I got the old housekeeper to put it into the letter which I had left open in my writing-case and send it off by the gardener's lad.

"The next evening brought me a telegram from Jack Daly to the effect that all I wanted had been done, and my passage taken; and on that day fortnight I was on board the 'Titan,' bound for Rio."

The speaker's voice broke. He turned abruptly away and strode off into the gathering dusk.

In a few moments he returned and resumed his story.

"Everything went well at first. We made a good run down Channel and across the Bay, and were expecting within the next day or to pick up the north-east Trade, when the wind fell light and finally left us.

"Orders were given to get up steam; but just as they were going to lower the propeller a strong breeze sprang up again from the northward, and the fires were ordered to be banked and all sail made. I stayed on deck for some time, watching the cloud of studding-sails spread gradually alow and aloft, on both sides of the ship, and then went below to write letters."

"I had just got out my writing case when there came a sudden shock, which would have flung me to the deck had I not saved myself just in time by clinging to the sleeping berth with both hands. For a moment the ship seemed brought to an absolute standstill, as though she had run bodily ashore; the next she began to gather way again, but with a very different movement from the free, bounding motion of a few minutes before.

"I rushed on deck, as did every one else who was below, and there we soon saw the reason of the change. The sudden stop had been too much under the press of canvas we were carrying.

"The studding-sail booms, fore and aft, had snapped like so many carrots, and the main-top-gallant-mast itself had gone, springing the head of the main-top mast as it went. The whole mass of 'flying kites' was in the water, and of course acted as drags, still further checking the ship's way.

"For some minutes all was confusion." The captain himself, though perfectly cool and collected, was evidently puzzled. We were hundreds of miles from any danger laid down on the charts, and were, moreover in the regular track of all outward and innumerable homeward bound vessels, and in some thousands of fathoms of water. It was of course possible that we had come into collision with some floating wreck.

"But no crash had been heard save that of our own breaking spars, and there was no sign of any wreck or wreckage save our own.

"His first order had been to send a hand over the bows and another into the fore-peak. But the word had scarcely been passed when the mate of the watch came aft, accompanied by a tall, handsome young foretopman, his tanned features many shades less red than usual and his shirt and trousers dripping with sea water.

"He had been on the dolphin-striker at the time of the occurrence, putting a new service on the stay, and had been fairly shaken from his foothold by the shock, only escaping by means of some of the studding-sail gear as it dragged in the water alongside.

"His report made it quite clear that the ship had not struck on anything, while the sharp black stem, showing clearly through the transparent water without dent or scratch, fully confirmed his statement. Only one possible explanation remained. There must have been a shock of earthquake, and a sharp one."

The speaker paused again.

The evening had closed in now, and a film of cloud shut in the stars and rendered it quite dark.

But the two listeners could hear the other's heavy breathing, scarcely to be distinguished from a sob; and almost, Carrie Davenant fancied, the labored beating of his heart.

"I went below again," he continued after awhile, "to write my letters. There lay the writing-case just where I had dropped it, the contents scattered broadcast over the cabin deck. I stooped to gather them up. The first on which I laid my hand was—my telegram to Rio, with the cheque still fastened to it!"

"Oh, Mr. Stavert," broke in Carrie Davenant with a little cry, "and she would not know, and you would cross upon the road!"

"No," came back the answer in a voice which had sunk to little more than a hoarse whisper: "no, she did not know; she did not know."

"Oh! go on. Please—please—go on."

"I went on deck again, too much annoyed to think of letters home just then; and as I reached the top of the companion there came another shock, if anything sharper than the first. No damage, however, was done this time, the ship being under short canvas, but she rolled and lurched heavily. The passengers were getting scared.

"Even the captain seemed a little startled and went below to consult his barometers.

"There was no sign from them, and he returned, shaking his head and laughing. The next moment he was serious again, snatching up his glass with an exclamation which was very like an oath.

"All eyes were drawn to the object at which he was looking—a large steamer, three or four points on our starboard bow, which for the last hour or more had been heading straight for us, but which had suddenly starboarded her helm and was now standing away to the westward, loosing sail after sail as she swung round before the wind.

"Just then the chief officer came up to report that steam was up and the propeller connected.

"For a moment the captain made no reply; he was still looking intently through his glass—not now at the steamer, but at a point in the offing right astern of her as she now lay, and very nearly dead ahead of us.

"I followed with my eyes the direction of his glass, and recognized a curious, mirage-like effect—a sort of dint in the sharp circle of the horizon, like a chip out of the edge of a plate.

"I had hardly had time to notice this when the captain dropped his glass and turned sharply to the mate with the question—

"'Is the wreck clear?'

"'Pretty well, sir,' said the mate; 'nothing over the side that can foul the screw.'

"'Then tell Mr. Armstrong to go ahead full speed: and send all hands aloft; shorten sail. Don't stop to furl or clew up, sir. Cut everything adrift, fore and aft.'

"And before the mate had time for a word he had sprung aft, twitched the wheel out of the quartermaster's hands, and put the helm hard over. The ship came slowly up to the wind, more quickly as the remaining canvas fell under the blows of fifty sharp knives, and screw began to revolve at speed. In a very short time we were heading right back to the northward under bare poles.

"'In the meantime the mirage-like dint in the horizon had widened and was widening rapidly. It had already spread beyond the steamer of which I spoke just now, and which I spoke just now, and which, though still heading under full steam at right angles to our course, seemed yet to have drifted bodily some miles nearer to us, and had a look of being what sailors call 'down by the stern.'

"'I looked from her again to that ominous depression in the horizon. It was spreading still, had reached to ourselves; and as it did so the leaping motion of the waves ceased, giving place to a smooth broad "swirl" right across our track.

"'There was no questioning now: no need to whisper or to point. The white faces that clustered thickly about the taffrail, gazing in speechless horror down that steadily narrowing and deepening valley, were gazing straight into the jaws of death.

and astonishment as she looked wonderingly up with the startled exclamation—

"Worse?"

Her husband put his arm round her and drew her closer to him, while Stavert continued, though with evident effort—

"We were losing ground; that was clear. The 'Titan' was not a full-powered steamer, only a sailing ship with an auxiliary screw; not capable of doing more than five or six knots an hour at her best, and now deeply laden. Presently the engineer forced his way all through the the crowd of frightened passengers and made some suggestion to the captain of which I only caught the word 'safety valve.'

"The captain shook his head, but the engineer urged his request, jerking his head, emphatically in the direction of the whirlpool, and saying energetically, 'That sort of thing can't go on for ever, you know, skipper. Must let up some time. One extra minute might do us, you know, skipper. Must let up some time.

"One extra minute might do us, you know, if we could only get it." "Well, well, Armstrong," was the answer, "have it your own way."

"'It can't do much harm anyhow.'" And before he had finished speaking the engineer was gone; and in a few more minutes the roar of the escaping steam ceased, and the laboring screw revolved more rapidly.

"The ship gathered way, and for the moment a thrill of hope shot through the breasts of that pale, horror-stricken throng. The captain had laid aside his glass and was standing intently observing the horizon through his sextant."

"Very few indeed among that surging, frightened crowd could have even guessed the meaning of his employment; but all instinctively watched him with a dim consciousness that he was somehow reading their fate."

"Presently he laid the instrument quietly down and once more shook his head."

"As he did so the cries and wailings, which for a few moments had been stilled, broke out afresh."

"But at this moment the mate in his turn forced his way to the captain's side, and, touching his arm, drew his attention to the other steamer."

"We had none of us even thought of her for a long time, and to our surprise she was now almost close abroad of us."

"Needless to say that she, like ourselves, was straining every nerve. The smoke was pouring out of her two great red funnels, the steam roaring from her escape pipes, and she was tearing through the smooth swirling water at the rate of three feet to our one."

"She'll scrape clear, sir, by Heaven!" cried the mate, half-grudging, half-sympathetic."

"The captain nodded; and for a few moments our people almost forgot their own danger as they watched the progress of their unknown companion in peril.

"She was well abreast of us now, and being no longer on an inner circle of the whirlpool had ceased to drift towards us, when suddenly there was a cry and a confusion on board of her, and the lashing screw under her counter ceased to revolve. There was a cry of horror from both ships as the stranger lost her headway and then began to drop slowly but steadily back towards the vortex."

"As she did so her head swung off from us for a moment, and I saw the name upon her stern—'*Fire King*!"

Once more the speaker paused. Carrie was sobbing unrestrainedly, and Archie Davenant had an uncomfortable sensation in his throat, which made him for the moment unwilling to speak.

The clouds had closed again over the moon. The long ground swell of the ever-restless Atlantic rolled up the bay, and broke at intervals with a dull, mysterious booming upon the beach; and every now and then came through the still, sultry air the far off scream of the sleepless gulls.

The silence lasted so long that Archie Davenant at length left his wife's side and crossed to where the tall figure of Stavert could be dimly traced, leaning against a tall, weed-draped rock, his left hand pressed hard upon his heart.

"I am afraid you are ill?"

"No, no; only——"

He stopped and seemed to struggle for breath, then with a strong effort mastered his voice and went on, but slowly and gaspingly—

"There is not much more to tell you. Indeed, I know but little more. I remember how we whirled on in a horrible circle, that grew each moment narrower and swifter.

"I remember how the wall of smooth clear water rose and rose till the light shone on us through it as through ice. I remember how the sun went down, crimsoning the clear pale-blue ice-wall into living, swirling blood, and how, as we were sucked slowly down—down—the ever-steepening side; we saw the whirling abyss opening right under us, and heard the dull, distant roar rolling up from the riven sea-bed miles below.

"But all that has come back upon my memory since. I saw nothing then but the great black hull of the disabled "Fire King" as it drifted swiftly to the doom we were still laboring to escape. Presently her engines began to work again, but slowly—ah! Heaven! how slowly! She could do but little more now than just hold her own with the 'Titan.'

"And so we drifted on and on, laboring, despairing, praying—praying aloud some of us, our English shyness all swept away in the extremity of peril; some stricken voiceless with horror, kneeling, clinging to each other, praying only with dumb hands and eyes; some uttering wild curses instead of prayers.

"I saw it all, and heard it all; but I neither cursed nor prayed. I had but one thought—Her!—not our love, not our peril—not even her peril—simply Her!

"And then I saw her.

"Again the two ships were rapidly approaching each other; and the end for both was approaching as rapidly.

"Already, we hung over the yawning, bellowing gulf as on the side of a steep hill. The Chasm now was not a mile in width.

"The upper portion of it towered high over our mastheads. Each moment the whirling speed grew visibly swifter, and the glassy declivity sensibly steeper, and the thunderous roar came up more loudly from the ocean bed.

"Then the moon rose, gleaming through the towering wall of water, and full in the cold, ghastly glare—I saw her—a pure white figure, kneeling silently with white, uplifted hands.

"Then suddenly a thought flashed through me; and I prayed—ah! how I prayed!

"We were nearing each other every moment. A very little while and the 'Fire King' would pass right under us—close—striking us probably as she passed. Oh! how I prayed that it might be so—that I might but reach the deck and fold my darling to my arms, and go—what matter where?—together.

"And it seemed as though Heaven heard my prayer. Nearer and nearer drifted the 'Fire King.' Another minute and her bows must foul our quarter. I had marked the exact spot for my spring, and thrown off shoes and coat in readiness—still praying—praying with my whole soul.

"Ah! Heaven! too late! Even as I watched her—gathering footing for my spring and praying—praying—even in that moment the ship lost her hold upon the steeping watery bank and shot—down—down!

"Ah, Nell!—Nell!—Nell!"

The hoarse, trembling voice rose to a wild cry, then sank and ceased. And through the gloom came echoing wildly back the scream of the hungry sea-gulls, close at hand.

A step came softly over the soft sand, and the hoarse whisper of the old fisherman gave words to the wild sea-birds' cry.

"Here is another, sir."

But for once there is no answer; and the hoarse whisper comes again, yet more hoarsely.

"This time, sir, it is a woman!"

Then there is a cry; but it is from the lips of Jacques Bonhomme; and the old fisherman passes his arm round the tall dark figure, drooping motionless against the rock, and lifts the weary head to his shoulder.

"At last!" he murmers, uncovering solemnly his own grizzled locks, "he has found her at last!"

In A Dream.

BY S. PEYTON WARD.

At an early age I lost my father, and as he left us with but little of this world's goods, it soon became necessary that I should find some employment.

I did odd jobs until I was fifteen, when a Mr. Evered, a linendraper, was induced to engage me as a salesman, through my sister Lucy's influence.

Mr. Evered had a daughter, Julia, just about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercessions with her father that Lucy gained her point.

I was duly installed in my place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind, and an intimacy sprang up between myself and Julia, which afforded me purer bliss than I had ever before experienced.

Thus matters passed on for a year; and at the end of that time my health was restored, and I had so far gained upon the confidence of Mr. Evered, that he now trusted me with some of his most particular business.

Only one thing troubled me. I was not receiving such wages as I fancied my services entitled me to; in fact, I was in debt. I had purchased a suit of clothes of a tailor in the neighborhood, and was owing for them.

The tailor wanted his money, and I had promised him he should have it at a certain time; but that time came and passed, and I could not pay him. He threatened, and I promised anew.

Oh, how many times I wished that I had never bought those clothes!

I could have got along without them, and I resolved that never again would I buy anything which I could not pay for on the spot.

But that did not help this case.

One evening I sat alone in the shop. All the other clerks and shopmen had left.

It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money-drawer was filled.

Slowly the demon arose before me, and began to advise me. He pointed to the till and whispered, "There are the means of paying your debt!" I knew that Mr. Evered had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I had determined to get Mr. Evered to advance me the necessary sum.

I had not been spending my money foolishly; but from my poor pittance I supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long while I sat and looked upon that drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and that sometimes necessity compelled them to it—at least, so I then thought.

How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not, and at length I resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer. I opened it, and counted out five pieces. I thrust the gold into my pocket, and then hastened back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.

"Well, Charles," he said, "we'll shut up now."

I arose, and went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back I found Mr. Evered engaged in counting the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing sir," I answered, trying to compose myself.

"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as a ghost."

"I am tired," I said.

"Well, well, you have worked hard today, and you may go. I'll attend to the rest."

That forenoon I went with my sister to church; and as I entered I met the gaze of Mr. Evered.

He watched me sharply, and I saw marks of pain upon his face. After the service was over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly they spoke, and once I saw the tailor point his finger towards me.

I felt sure, then, that all was discovered.

"For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter?" cried Lucy, as she caught my hand.

"He's faint—he's faint!" I heard a low tremulous voice say.

And on turning, I saw Julia Evered. She was frightened; and at that moment came the conviction that she loved me.

But that other thought came with it; and then I knew that ere long she would despise me!

Sick and faint, I hurried away; and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy, I only replied that I was not well.

Oh, how miserable I felt, for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in church was proof enough but his conversation with the tailor made it doubly sure.

That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother vexed and worried herself on my account. If she would only have left me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I ever spoke to that noble woman.

Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the parlor; and I found my mother as pale and deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and hastened to her side. She gazed up into my face with such a look as I hope I may never see again."

"Don't ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the shop. Mr. Evered wants you immediately."

I could not ask any questions—I could not speak. Without waiting to see Lucy—I started from the house.

People whom I met gazed at me sharply and I once heard the word thief pronounced! Oh, Mr. Evered had told the story of my crime! How could he? No, no; 'twas the tailor who had told it, for my employer would never have done it.

Yet it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer where shame, and shame only, could be mine? I turned to flee, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face as pale as death.

"Oh, Charles," she exclaimed, "come with me at once! Come, come! our mother is dying!"

My sister seized me by the hand, and by main force dragged me away. I reached my home, I know not how, for my reason had almost left me.

Into the little bedroom Lucy dragged me and there lay mother, stark and cold.

"Oh, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed. "She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment I gazed upon that cold pale form, and then, a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips.

I plunged madly forward upon the bed.

"Charles! Charles!"

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was spoken.

It was Mr. Evered who spoke.

I was still sitting upon a stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me.

Instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money-drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind.

A cold, clammy sweat was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you, Charles?" Mr. Evered kindly asked.

"Heavens!—such a dream!" I involuntarily gasped.

"Well, well; if it's nothing worse than that, I am glad. But, come; I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."

I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money-drawer, though many times ere I could fully realize the fact that I was safe.

The tempter had come; but an angel had met and beaten him away.

The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer sat down by my side. "Well, Charles," he commenced, "my daughter Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother."

"Yes, sir," I trembingly answered. "My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest all falls on me."

"But how do you get on? Surely your salary is not sufficient?"

"It has been sufficient, sir, to find me in food and fuel. For—for clothing—I have ——"

"Run in debt, eh?"

"Yes, sir; but I will never do it again. I will go ragged if need be, but I will not run in debt."

"Right—right, my boy! But we will put matters all square at once. I have been thinking for some time of increasing your salary, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must pay up all arrears past the date when I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see.

He turned to the desk as he spoke, and made a few figures on a piece of paper, and held it to me.

"Will that square you up?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and more too!"

"Then you shall have that; and now you know at what rate your salary is increased."

He said something more about making me his head clerk; but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me.

But—let me say it again—'twas an angel's visit.

Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Evered is an old man—my children are his grandchildren; and the establishment that was once his is now half mine.

He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to my sister Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and, thank heaven, can yet bless her son that he has never yet called one drop of sorrow to her life-cup.

THE FASHIONABLE LADY.—She is one who has been brought up in the habits, practices, and pursuits of that portion of society whose aim and end is to please and be pleased.

The first element of fashionable life is to abstain from all useful labor.

A fashionable lady will not do anything in the kitchen, because it would be accounted labor; but she will spend twice that amount of actual labor in the arrangements of her drawing room or boudoir. To be seen for a few hours in the occupation of mending stockings would be an inexpressible disgrace, while to be engaged for weeks in curious netting, working lace or embroidery, is a matter of proud satisfaction, and certainly a commendable object of ambition.

To paint or whitewash her house would be a degradation never to be recovered from; but the painting of flowers, persons, or fruit, is an art sought after with all the energy of a search for gold.

She cannot walk a short distance to visit a suffering neighbor, for it is too great a tax on her strength, but she can spend hours in promenading from no stronger motive than a desire to show off her expensive clothes. Her nerves are altogether too sensitive to allow her to watch for a single night beside a sick friend, but she can spend night after night at a party or dance.

She looks with disdain upon those of her own sex who do aught for their support, and would shrink with horror from the idea of exerting her ingenuity to assist her father in providing for his family, but does not hesitate to rob his purse to gratify her extravagant wishes. A fine appearance and gorgeous apparel are a sure passport to her favor, while she would not associate with one who was awkward in appearance or coarsely dressed, forgetting that a rich and fashionable dress may clothe a villian, while a poorly clad man may be one of Nature's noblemen. Fashionable society is made up of wealth, pretention and display. A lady of fashion must attend the opera, visit the seaside, wear expensive shawls and diamonds, keep a carriage, and make in all things an elegant appearance.

Thus life is spent in the vain pursuit of pleasure and adornment of the body, while the soul, dwarfed by this constant devotion to trifles, is made the slave of that which was intended to be its servant. M. S.

EASTERN SWORDS.—There have been some curious features connected with the sword manufacture in early times. The Damascus blades and the Toledo blades have each, in their own particular sphere, acquired great fame for their excellence, the keenness of the edge, and the extensive and perfect elasticity having been carried on them to the utmost point. We have all read of Orientals wearing their swords twisted round their waists, or even coiled up in their turbans, so great was their elasticity; and the swords have been made so keen as to cut a silk shawl in two while resting lightly on the edge. Such, at least, have been the reported wonders; but the Easterns may probably in this, as in many other matters, embellish their stories a little.

For the opening season a dance teacher has devised what he calls the dervish. It consists of a few slow, measured, stately revolutions in ordinary waltz time, followed by a dozen rapid waltz ones, done so suddenly that the couples look like wild dervishes of the desert, who ought to howl as well as whirl.

Our Young Folks.

THE PRINCESS ALANTHA.

BY HENRY PRITH.

THERE was such a to-do in King Bong-Bong's Land!

Every single soul, man, woman, and child, looked sad and unhappy, and even the dogs were wagging their tails as if they were in fearful pain. For a terrible thing had befallen the king and his wife, Queen Mirola.

Their only daughter, the beautiful golden haired Princess Alantha, or Princess Lady, as she was usually called, had been stolen; and worse still, stolen by King Bong-Bong's greatest enemy, the cruel Juba, King of the Fiery Mountains.

They had been enemies for a long time, for Juba was cruel, unjust and tyrannical, whilst King Bong-Bong was kind and loving to his subjects, and often and often and often helped Juba's subjects who had fled from him, to escape, and gave them money and food with which to flee.

So Juba disliked King Bong-Bong, and would have marched against him, only he feared, that in spite of his great army, that he would be taken prisoner, and his men put to death; for Bong-Bong's little army was renowned throughout the world for its skill in the field and the bravery of its soldiers.

But King Juba vowed vengeance.

It happened one day that King Bong-Bong and his wife went into a neighboring country to attend a royal wedding, leaving Princess Lady in the care of a knight and one of the queen's waiting-maids.

Now, though Princess Lady was a very dear little girl indeed, she was also a very wilful one, and immediately after her father and mother had departed, she set out to visit a small wood a few yards from the palace, which she had been expressly forbidden to enter.

When she got to this "Wild-wood," as it was called, she felt quite disappointed.

It was very dark and damp, and the trees rustled till the princess grew rather frightened.

All of a sudden, she heard a great whizzing behind her, and looked up, and what she saw made her round blue eyes grow big with terror.

For close behind her, in a fiery chariot, sat ugly King Juba, with two great knights in black armor at each side.

"Ah!" she heard a voice cry triumphantly. "Seize her, Roco and Bril, and bear her away with us."

Then the knights caught the princess, who remained stock still with fright, by her golden hair, and carried her up into the air.

She gave one great cry, which brought all the knights and pages out of the palace, only to see the poor little princess borne away by the two stern knights, and King Juba sitting with a triumphant grin on his ugly face.

You can imagine the grief and despair of the king and queen when they heard the news.

The king immediately called a council to consult what was best to be done.

It was at once decided that it was impossible to march an army into the Fiery Kingdom, because the road leading into it was so narrow as only to allow a very thin man indeed to squeeze through.

What was to be done?

At last an old counsellor of the king suggested that the pages, who were tall, slim boys, should be well mounted and armed, and try by stealth and cunning to get into the palace, and rescue the princess by night.

This plan gave universal satisfaction, and many bold youths volunteered to go.

At last, a brave and clever lad named Rolph was chosen, and after having been given much wise advice, he set out, mounted on a small white horse.

Well, many days passed, and alas! nothing was heard of Rolph; and I cannot tell you how many courageous pages went one after another; but the same thing happened—nothing was ever heard of them after their departure, and it was feared they had perished.

At last the king said no more lives should be sacrificed, and forbade any one else to go.

Now it chanced one day a very queer-looking person presented himself before the king's audience chamber.

When the pages saw him they all laughed for he was Wee-Wee the dwarf, a poor, pale, stunted little fellow, the son of the king's woodman.

He marched boldly up to King Bong-Bong, and said in his shrill piping voice.

"Please, your Majesty, will you let me try and rescue the princess?"

There was a roar of laughter from the courtiers, and even the king smiled, saying kindly.

"Thank you, dear lad, but you could not succeed where so many strong have failed."

But Wee-Wee begged, and begged, and begged the king, till at last he said:

"Well, well, you may go if your father will let you; but I very much fear no good can come of it, and only harm to you."

So Wee-Wee set out unmounted, bearing a brave and hopeful heart in his bosom, and a good deal of sense in his wise little head. He knew the way perfectly well to the Fiery Mountains, and very soon got out of King Bong-Bong's Land.

Then his difficulties began.

The road grew fearfully steep, and the sun beat down so fiercely on his face that Wee-Wee thought he should burn.

He could not go a step farther, and threw himself on the grass face downwards, where he soon fell asleep.

He was aroused by a buzzing near him, and looking up, he saw the biggest and brightest yellow bee he had ever seen in his life, attacking a quiet little one, whose wings were sadly torn.

Wee-Wee rushed to the rescue, and though he got his hands stung, he succeeded in sending the big bee flying.

Then the tiny bee said to him in the softest and sweetest voice imaginable—

"Thank you, little Wee-Wee, for helping the weak. Now I'll do you a turn. Remember not to turn your head when you get to the zig zag path."

Then she flew off, and her words rang in the boy's ear

"The zig zag path," he said aloud. "I wonder what that is?"

"Wonder what that is?" croaked a harsh voice beside him, and Wee-Wee saw an immense green toad, hideously ugly, hopping in front of him.

His first impulse was to stone the toad, but he checked himself, remembering how often the pages had thrown things at him, and said instead, laughingly, "Oh, you ugly fellow!"

The toad seemed agreeably surprised at Wee-Wee's friendliness; then he said gruffly, looking at the boy's lean legs and body—

"Well, you ain't exactly a beauty. But I like you, little chap. You are the first of them that hasn't pelted stones at me, so I'll give you a bit of advice. There's a certain sword; remember this. When you've got it hold it. Good-day," he said politely, and hopped off.

"How queer," said Wee-Wee, "They all seem to know about me. Oh, dear! that place is all on fire; what shall I do?"

He stood still in dismay, for a great mountain stood in front of him, looking like one vast sea of flames. The poor little dwarf shivered with fear, but a kind voice seemed to whisper, "Courage! forward!" Then with his heart going pit-a-pat, and feet trembling like an old man's, he walked into the flames, expecting every moment to be a cinder.

But, to his surprise, the flames parted on each side, leaving a path for him in the middle.

At the top the flames all disappeared, but a no less horrible sight met his eyes.

The path leading down was terribly steep and crooked, and on each side of it were great stone monsters, whose heads were ugly shapes, and whose arms were beckoning to Wee-Wee.

Wee-Wee gave the horrible creatures and path one swift glance, and cried—

"The zig-zag path!"

It was a terrible journey. He stumbled over and over again, but he always picked himself up, and kept his eyes resolutely to the front; and at last the road grew wider and wider, and before long, to his great delight, he found himself in a green field, away from flames and monsters.

He breathed a sigh of relief, and said.

"I wonder how much farther it is; I am so tired."

When he got to the bottom of the field he knew he had reached his journey's end. For another mountain rose before him, and on the top of it was a beautiful shining palace, looking as if it were made of red glass.

Wee-Wee knew directly, by the dragons' heads stuck all round, that it was King Juba's palace.

At he foot of the mountain he was met by two magnificently mounted knights, who ordered him in the name of King Juba to "halt" and name his business.

"I come to rescue the princess," said Wee-Wee boldly.

The knights roared with laughter, and cried—

"No one can ever enter the castle without first trying his fortune with the magic sword."

They led Wee Wee round to the other side of the mountain, where there was a small earth hole, in which a glittering sword was sticking, and upon it were engraved these words: "Death or Victory."

"Now," said one of the knights mockingly, "it's quite easy, my little man—pull it out."

Wee-Wee thought to himself, "There's some trick about this sword."

And all at once the words flashed across his mind.

"When you've got it, hold it."

Then he grasped the sword firmly: it came out quiet easily; but oh, the agony! Wee-Wee felt as if both his hands were being stabbed in a thousand places.

"When you got it, hold it!" and hold he did, though he could not help shrieking with the pain.

And then, to his great surprise, the knights fell down praying for mercy.

Wee-Wee, however, took no notice of them; with the magic sword in his hand, he marched into King Juba's palace.

The king, with all the people, fled affrighted before him; and amongst those running away, Wee-Wee saw the Princess grown sadly pale and thin.

He hastened to tell her he had come to take her back to her father's kingdom, and begged her not to lose an instant.

And at the suggestion of the knights, whose lives Wee-Wee spared, they got into the fiery chariot, and were soon whirling away to King Bong-Bong's Land.

And oh, the rejoicing when they arrived!

Never before had there been such a feast, never before had the little boys and girls been treated to so many buns and good things; and never before, said the people, was there such a good, brave little hero as Wee-Wee, whom the king took care of for ever after.

UNCLE TOM'S PICTURE.

BY PIPKIN.

"I DID not know that Uncle Tom was ever a page, mother," said Hetty, gazing up at a picture of a boy with fair square-cut hair, a white satin suit with cherry-colored ribbons, a broad lace collar, and rosettes on his shoes.

Hetty sat down on a footstool beside her mother and looked up at her meditatively, saying, "What reign was it in? Why, mother, Uncle Tom is not old enough to have been in any reign but the Queen's, and that picture looks like a boy of King Charles's time."

"Yes."

"I don't understand how it was, dear mother."

"There is a story connected with it, Hetty, and if you like to hear it, I will tell it you."

Now there was nothing that Hetty liked better than to hear stories of old times, as she called the days when her mother was a little girl and lived far away in the north of England in an old country house belonging to her grandfather.

Hetty had been there once, about a year ago, and had dreamed of knights and ladies and fairies ever since. So she answered—

"Yes, mother, I am quite ready, so please begin. And let it be 'Once upon a time,' just as all the old stories begin."

"Once upon a time, then," said Mrs. Harley, "there was an old, old house far away in the country; there was a moat round it, or rather there had been, for it was drained because the water made the house so damp, and now it was a green hollow.

"But the drawbridge was left, and the people who lived in the old house used to walk across it into the pleasant gardens that surrounded the house.

"Four children were playing in this garden on a fine summer day, two boys and two girls——"

"Yes, mother," interrupted Hetty, "you and Aunt Lucy and Uncle Hugh and Uncle Tom."

"Yes, we four, your Uncle Hugh the eldest, and I the youngest. Well, as we were playing together, your Aunt Lucy suddenly said—

"'The only place in the house that we have never been in is that old turret. I have been talking to Mrs. Green the housekeeper about it, and she says that there is a queer little staircase inside, and a room with all sorts of treasures in it; only grandmother keeps the key to the staircase door, and only goes there once or twice a year, just to see that everything is safe. She says that there are chests full of ancient dresses, satins and brocades and regimentals that were worn a hundred or more years ago, and old swords, and I can't tell what. I wish we could see them.'

"'We will go there,' said Hugh.

"'No, we cannot,' said Lucy, 'for grandmother will not let any one have the key. She keeps it in a box on her dressing-table.'

"'Ah, well!' said I, 'we will ask her to lend it to us some day.' And we went on with our games.

"Hugh said nothing until the next day, when after our early dinner he beckoned us all into the old schoolroom and said—

"'Should you like to go into the turret? I have got the key.'

"Of course we all said 'Yes,' and followed Hugh upstairs. There was no one about, and he unlocked the staircase door and let us all through, then he followed himself, locking the door after him.

"The turret chamber was a delightful room, looking over the country and over the park, and we could see grandfather and grandmother driving away to pay some visits to their neighbors.

"'We shall have all the afternoon to ourselves,' said Hugh.

"'And then we began to open the chests and look in; and we found that all that Mrs. Green had said was quite true, and indeed, was not half the truth, for there were so many suits of fine clothes, that as we pulled them out of the chests our eyes grew larger and larger with astonishment.

"'Let's dress up in them,' said Lucy; and she slipped off her frock and began to attire herself in satin petticoat, and court train and lappets; and Hugh was soon dressed as a colonel of the time of George the Second, and very funny he looked.

"I had not yet decided what to wear, but Tom suddenly pulled out a square parcel on which was written, 'Orlando Harley, page,' in a queer hand.

"On opening it, we found it contained a suit and Tom arrayed himself in it, and very pretty he looked.

"I had by this time found a flowered chintz and some beautiful feathers; and we all stood looking at one another admiringly till we burst out laughing.

"We laughed so loudly that we did not hear any steps on the stairs, until suddenly the door opened, which made us all start, and our grandmother appeared. She was just going to say, 'You naughty children!' when she caught sight of Hugh in the colonel's dress, and burst out laughing. She could not scold us much after that, but said we must come downstairs and show ourselves to grandfather. And so we did; and sitting with grandfather was an artist friend, who was so delighted with Tom's appearance, that he said he must paint him.

And so he did.

"But how did your grandmother open the door when Uncle Hugh had locked it?" asked Hetty.

"Your Uncle Hugh thought he had locked it, but he had not, for it was a secret lock, and he did not understand it. And grandmother coming home earlier than she expected, and finding her box open and the key gone guessed what had happened, and came after us to the turret chamber."

AN EASTERN DIGNITARY.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan who has figured much in the late disputes between England and Russia, lives in the bungalow occupied in prosaic times by the English Commissioner. But the garden walls have been raised three feet higher all round, so as to secure secrecy. The drawing-room has been fitted up a la Ouida with crimson satin and furnished with gold and silver chairs. The bedroom is draped with pale blue satin, and the bed is hung with curtains of the finest lace. Musical boxes are scattered about with reckless profusion, and the very decanters play a merry tune whenever they are touched—rather a drawback perhaps to the good Mahommedans who may wish to quietly taste their unhallowed contents. Over all the electric light sheds its mild effulgence. And here, when he is not engaged in diplomatic conversation, sits His Highness Abdur Rahman, a martyr, like any country gentleman, to the gout, surrounded by his hookah-bearers, his doctor, his deaf and dumb painter, his chess-players, his tailors, his cook, whose duty it is to taste every dish laid before him and a host of other retainers. Somewhere in the compound hard by butchers are killing sheep and chickens all day long, for His Highness's delicate appetite can only be tempted by certain tidbits. But though 1,500 men accompanied him to Peshawur, 500 of whom came on to Rawul Pindi, advisers brought he none.

Abdur Rahman has not the typical Afghan face at all, and is a burlier man than the usual lithe and sinewy Patnan. His dress, such as we have seen him wear so far is more of a Russian pattern than anything else. His long enforced residence in Tashkend and Samarkand made him familiar with Russian uniforms, and he very naturally turns to them as patterns. The loose, baggy blue trousers tucked into the black top-boots, and the tightly-fitting coat reaching nearly down to the knees are such as may be seen any day, in Russia. He has no orders so far; but, being of an inventive turn of mind, he has had made two small silver stars which he wears on his left breast. He has also a bit of ribbon there something like the South African war ribbon, but whence it came or what it implies no one seems to know. His cap, of the purest gray Astrakhan wool, is also of his own invention. It is something like the conical cap worn by Tartar races, but has a broad border, also of Astrakahn, such as Russians wear round their circular caps in wintry weather. In this border are set a number of flat diamonds. When receiving the Viceroy he wore a light maroon-colored tunic, with deep cuffs of a darker hue, the colors being matched most artistically. He has a distinctly military air.

THE LITTLE FLOWER'S WISH.—Some daisies grew in a green piece of turf just outside the palings of a garden. The grass all round them was soft and fine; they had plenty of room to grow in, and they were near enough to the road to see all that went by. Would you not have thought they were contented?

Little yellow butterflies came and told them stories, little shadowy clouds went scampering over the grass-plot, the pleasant warm sun shone down on their little round faces. And yet they were unhappy with all this.

Through a crack in the palings they had seen into the garden, and it made them all long to be there. Flowers of different kinds grew happily in the garden-beds. Some of them had sticks to lean against and some were trained against the wall.

"Oh, what care is taken of them!" thought the foolish little daisies.

Every day the gardener came and watered these choice flowers. And a stately lady paced the garden walks, and noticed if the flowers grew or failed.

"Oh, if only we could get into the garden!" sighed the daisies, ruffling all their little leaves; "oh, how much happier we should be if we were only growing in there!"

Just then there came running out of the garden a little child with golden hair. Whether he heard what the daisies said I do not know, but it almost seemed as if he did.

"Come along, little flowers," he cried, "would you like to come and live in the garden? See, I will plant you in nicely."

With his soft baby hands he plucked the little daisies from their stalks, sped back with them through the garden gate, and commenced to plant them in the earth. First he made a little hole for each of them in the soft brown mould, then put the roots down flowers in and pressed the earth round tightly.

"It is cold, it is cold," said the daisies.

"I shall have a nice little garden of my own now," said the child, and he ran away contented to his play.

Next day little Harold came to see his garden, and he burst into tears, for the poor little daisies were dead.

And other daisies grew in the grass-plot outside, and the butterflies told tales to them of old, and they learned to be contented and happy where they were.

M. S.

A DIAMOND is a diamond, though you put it on the finger of a beggar; only that on the finger of a beggar no one would believe it to be a diamond.

IN A COTTAGE.

BY L. H. W.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning
By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies,
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies,
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a fly in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

MAN-EATING AND SACRIFICING.

A man-eating man is as incurable as a man-eating tiger. What a typical story is that of the Tupinamba woman, brought up by the Jesuits of Paraguay, of whom, when she lay dying, her confessor asked: "Now what would you fancy—some fresh, oranges, or half a chicken, or a slice of white bread such as the nobles eat?" She was a great pet of the good father; she had been so docile, such a model Christian. They had had her ever since she was a child, and her conduct had always been edifying. "No," said she slowly, as her thoughts went back to the wars between her tribe and its neighbors, and the feasts that had followed a successful raid. "No; I'm not long for this world, and if there's anything I could eat it's the pickings off the head of a young Tupia boy."

In face of the after-world the old propensity came out strong as death.

Ancient man used to eat his brethren; and so used his comparatively highly-civilized successor.

The horrible old Hellenic myths, such as Tantalus cooking his son Pelops as a meal for gods, and Atreus dishing up his brother Thyestes' children, and asking him to dine off them, are survivals of a time when the man-cooking oven was as much of an institution in Greece as it was the other day in New Zealand or in Fiji.

One remembers what Josephus says of the siege of Jerusalem; and in France human flesh was actually sold in the markets in the year of grace 1000 and 1001. In Tierra del Fuego a good deal of human flesh is eaten, and, as there is little else to eat, it becomes a question: "Shall we eat the dogs or the old women?"

Eating parents is by no means confined to the Fuegians; it is an old and widespread custom. Herodotus, whose truthfulness, they tell us, is being more and more established by every modern discovery, says of the Issedones, a Scythian tribe:

"When an old man is on the point of death his relations hurry up their cattle, kill them, and cut them up in bits along with the corpse of the dead man, whom they first solemnly strangle. The mixed meat is eaten at the funeral feast. Every child is bound to partake of it." The Massagetae, another Scythian tribe, had, we are told, the same custom.

The Acumas, on the Amazons, and also some hill-tribes in India, are said to eat, with solemn rites, the parents whom death has taken from them.

Not long ago there was a case in the papers of a savage in mid-France who used to entice young people into the forest, and kill them with a view to a succession of horrible meals.

The mediæval legends of the were-wolf point to the same practice. The ogre may be the distorted memory of a prehistoric man-eater, though he is probably the Huns, who, like other dreaded conquerors, have had to bear the imputation of cannibalism. At the depraved courts of Commodus, the most irredeemably bad, perhaps, of all the bad Roman Emperors, we are told that choice morsels of man and woman used to be eaten, not second-hand, as when lampreys in a pond were fattened on slaves, but cut from the human body.

Richard the First's legendary cannibalism was involuntary. Recovering from a fever while engaged in the siege of Acre, he felt an uncontrollable longing for pork; but no pork could be got in that country, where the pig is accounted unclean. What was to be done? The leeches said that the king's life was in peril unless his royal will was satisfied, so the cooks undertook to dress the head of a Saracen, spicing it up so daintily that Richard ate of it with great gusto.

On the other side of the world, in Japan, the same mitigation of primitive custom had come about. Of old, when a Mikado died, human victims were slain, though not on such an extensive scale as in Dahomey. Some centuries before we broke into Japan, the slaying of men and women had been compounded for by the burying of a number of life-size images.

Man-eating was probably universal in the Pacific archipelagos. It may have been learned during the long canoe voyages; but it exists among the Dyaks, who have not that excuse. Their head-hunters are by no means always content with carrying away all the heads they can cut off in a neighboring village; they often celebrate their success by feasting on the decapitated bodies, preluding the feast with a dance, in which everyone wears a wooden mask, shaped like a crocodile's head.

Though the flesh-eating Hindoo does not eat his fellow-creatures, he has no objection to wall one of them up in a fortress which he wants to make impregnable. A young maid is supposed to be the best for the purpose. Bhurtpore and other strongholds are said to have their foundations laid in this way. The custom has spread in both directions. It is found in Eastern Europe; what is that church on the Drave, in Austria, the legend of which says its tower could nohow be raised; each day's work crumbled down during the night; so the architect, enticing his bride to look at what was being done, pushed her in, walled her up, and then finished his building without further hindrance? It is found in China, and, above all, in Burmah.

Grains of Gold.

Action is, after all, the main business of our lives.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

The curse of man stands for nothing; but the curse of God is everlasting damnation.

Very few practice charity; but almost everybody seems to think he can give it a good word at least.

The misery of idleness is nearly as manifest in high life as in the rags and filth of extreme poverty.

The man who always speaks what is uppermost in his mind, should remember that the froth is always on top.

Many a man shall never cease talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

Every man who rises above the common level receives two educations. The first from his instructors; the second, the most personal and important, from himself.

Before we allow ourselves to find fault with any person behind his back, we should ask ourselves three questions: 1st. Is it true? 2. Is it kind? 3. Is it necessary?

Certain insects assume the color of the leaves they feed upon; they are but emblems of a great law of our being. Our minds take the hue of the subject whereon they think.

We often speak of being settled in life. We may as well think of casting anchor in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that's rolling down hill.

Alternation is a law of our nature. All our faculties must be employed in turn—labor must interchange with leisure, gravity with gaiety, thought with diversion. There is no lesson more needed than this one of change.

Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn—namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth is all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.

To be envious is to punish ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors. If, instead of looking at what our inferiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy in the world, and more pity.

Although it would be making altogether too broad an assertion to say that poverty (comparative) is enjoyable, it certainly has its compensations; and the enjoyment of being able to make a very little go a great way has a real zest.

Under no circumstances, if you can avoid it, ask a favor, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for, or stand waiting for, any.

Femininities.

A woman may be true as steel, but then some steel is too highly tempered.

"How can a woman with her hands full of trouble be expected to hold her tongue?" asks an exchange.

Whole cloves are now used, in preference to tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings, as a protection against moths.

There is on earth no greater treasure nor more desirable possession to a man than a woman who truly loves him.

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that dear one might die that moment, and your anger will vanish.

A cynical old bachelor who looked in upon a parlor full of young women in ball-room attire, called it an "art gallery."

"Time works wonders," said the young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his eldest sister only eighteen.

A scene in a railway car: Fond wife—"Let me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband—"Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

Pythagoras imposed on his disciples five years' silence to accustom them to hold their tongues. Pythagoras had not a single female disciple.

"Yes," said a little miss, yesterday, "I have been out all day with mamma making calls. I declare it seems as if none of the ladies we saw could talk about anything but servants and canning fruit."

There seems to be a law of eternal fitness about everything but wedlock, politics and customs in this city; but why a woman weeps when she is most glad, is one of the things which no philosopher can explain.

Sister Anne: "Now, Ethel, be sure and pray God to make you a good girl." Ethel (praying): "Dear God, pleath twy and make me a dood yittle dirl, and if at fetht you don't thucktheed, why twy, twy again."

In Siam the cats have their tails banged and are dyed bright yellow. The forests abound with pink and white albino monkeys; the python and boa attain to gigantic proportions, and the people are singularly temperate.

"And so you have been to Europe? Did you go to Switzerland? and did you see the glaciers?" Mrs. Bloddy—"Oh, yes, we saw mechanics of all kinds; but then, you know, I don't take any interest in such vulgar persons."

Young man, says an exchange, it is the girls who will pass an ice-cream saloon without looking in who will make you a good wife. But beware of the girl that can look in without going in. She is too strong-minded for the average man.

"Oh, where shall I look for the maiden I love?" queries the poet. This is a pretty hard question to answer. The chances are that she has married a rich man who knows more about dry goods than poetry. That is usually the way with girls.

Somebody says: "All the vexation and unsatisfactoriness of shopping comes from going forth with no clear idea of what is wanted." But that is not it. The women know what they want. The trouble is that they can't buy the earth for fifty cents.

Among the special features of the coming State fair here is a series of prizes, ranging from fifty dollars to five, offered by Strawbridge & Clothier, of this city, for the best home-made dress in silk or woolen goods, and the best made by a professional dressmaker.

Caller (lifting a small piece of wood from the parlor table): "What is this, Mrs. Weeds?" Mrs. Weeds (a widow): "That is a memento; it is a piece of the tree under which my poor, dear John was standing when he was struck by lightning. I prize it very highly."

A young lady asked a gentleman why he never attended a church entertainment. "It only costs ten cents to go in, you know," she added. "Yes," was the reply, "it costs only ten cents to go in, but it generally costs somewhere about five dollars to get out."

The noble passion, true love, contains all the elements of self-sacrifice. Love that whines, and pines, and envies, and feels spiteful at every attention not lavished on itself and its own gratification, is not love at all, although it goes so often by the name and is mistaken for it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have a half million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a lie, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.

A Dallas, Texas, bride was heard weeping convulsively and exclaiming in piteous accents: "You swore to love and cherish me till time should be no more. You said your love was eternal, and now we have been married only three months, and you are cold and bitter." A deep, manly voice responded: "You need not make such a fuss. In the name of heaven, how long do you expect eternal affection to last? Forever, eh?"

A preacher in Youngstown, Ohio, having declared on a recent Sunday from his pulpit—"on the authority of a prominent physician"—that "no less than six ladies belonging to the best circles require his attendance every month for delirium tremens," the doctors have held a meeting, pronounced the statement to be ridiculous, and demanded that the name of the "prominent physician" shall be given. This the clergyman promises to do, and his next sermon will no doubt be interesting.

Not a few among the tens of thousands of housewives may be amused to read of the way a woman at Danbury, Conn., gets rid of flies in her kitchen. That ingenious person bored a dozen gimlet holes in the floor, and now whenever there are flies in the room she outwits them thus: Syrup is dropped into the holes, and the flies go in, too. Just as in days of old when they walked into the spider's parlor; whereupon the woman rapa sharply on the floor with a hammer, and so sends the flies on down into the cellar.

Masculinities.

A lawyer and his wife constitute a law firm in Dubuque, Iowa, and the wife is the senior partner.

Ignaz Pleyel, the composer, who was born near Vienna, about the year 1757, was the 24th son of his father.

Wm. Willis, of Leavenworth, Kansas, poisoned himself in a fit of despondency because his stepmother ran away.

A set of buttons made from the fingernails of a human being adorns the shirt front and cuffs of a San Francisco man.

Within a week after publishing a book on the perils of Alpine climbing, a Vienna lawyer fell down a chasm and was killed.

In Dalmatia an Austrian officer committed suicide by loading a cannon, placing himself at the muzzle, and firing the gun.

The fellow that kills himself because a girl won't marry him, vindicates the girl's refusal and rids the world of a simpleton.

A few days ago a man near Linkville, Oregon, shot a wild goose flying over him. In falling the bird struck the hunter, breaking his collar-bone.

A certain lady visitor at Saratoga changes her dress four times a day. Her husband is staying at home, and changes his shirt once every two weeks.

According to a Chicago paper, a "gentleman's" visiting card, married or unmarried, is 1 3-4 inches by 3 1-4 inches in size. How big the card is when divorced is not stated.

As a means of punishing his two sons, an Atlantic county, N. J., man is said to have bound their hands and then placed the youngsters in a field for the mosquitoes to persecute.

An animal-tamer has used electricity as a subduer of unruly beasts with great success. His instrument is an apparatus shaped like an elephant-prod and charged with electricity.

A sixty-three year old Rochester, Vt., man who committed suicide, recently, left a note saying he was sober, in his right mind, and no one would ever know why he killed himself.

The re-marrying record has again been lowered—this time by a resident of Webster county, Miss., whose wife died on a Monday, and who buried her on Tuesday, took out a license on Wednesday, and espoused her successor on Thursday.

A firm at Georgetown, Del., has a contract to furnish 5,000,000 wooden pie-plates, with crimped edges, exactly like the tin plates. The advantages claimed for the wooden article are that it will not allow the pie to burn nor the lower crust to become soggy.

The editor of a Georgia paper had returned to him by a Federal soldier at Chicago a little which he carried in the war and lost in a battle; and now it is ungraciously observed that the Chicago man probably returned it because it was an article for which he had no use.

Bobby laboriously lugged a pail into the parlor, where the family was assembled, and asked his maternal grandmother to kick it. "Why should I kick it, Bobby?" grandma inquired, in amazement. "Just to amuse papa," said Bobby. "He said he would give $10 any time to see you kick the bucket."

Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, hinted to his father that he was now of an age when he should have a residence of his own, but his father closed one eye retrospectively and resolved to put another wing on Marlborough House, where his son and successor will enjoy all the comforts of a home beneath his parents' eyes.

One curious revelation of last census was the growth of the female population of the large cities. It was shown that New York contains about 25,000 more women than men; Boston has a surplus of 18,000 women; in Baltimore there are 17,000 more women than men, and so on in several others of the large eastern cities.

As a fast train stopped at Point of Rocks, Md., the other day, the engineer was found stunned and almost senseless on the floor of the cab, while near by lay a dead chicken. The fowl had evidently attempted to fly across the track in front of the train, and had come in collision with the head of the engineer, killing itself and knocking him senseless.

A man who speaks of himself as a "money promoter" by trade, makes his living in New York by his manipulation of old coin. He buys the plugged silver pieces and chipped copper coins that are dropped into the gate boxes along the elevated railroad, and fixes the money up so that it will pass again. Now and then he comes across a rare coin worth many times its face value.

Somebody who has rummaged history on the subject, asserts that of 2,440 Emperors and Kings that have ruled sixty-four countries, 325 were ousted from their seats, 64 of them sat uneasy on the gilded thrones and abdicated, 25 of them thought suicide a welcome relief, and 12 became insane, 100 were killed in battle, and 123 were made prisoners of war, 35 perished as martyrs, 151 were assassinated, and 208 were executed.

Johnny—"Ma, may I take the baby carriage? I want to play with it a little while." Mother—"Well, Johnny, I should think you might ask to take baby, too. You know that the nurse has not arrived yet. I am afraid you don't love your little brother very much, Johnny." Johnny—"Oh, yes I do, ma. He shall come, too. He'll make a splendid fireman. Billy Gubbins has his mother's clothes-line, the carriage will be the fire-engine, and there will be about twenty boys to pull. We'll just make things hum."

Husband—"My dear, have you seen anything of my collar button?" Wife—"Did you lose it?" Husband (sarcastically)—"Did I lose it? If I hadn't lost it I wouldn't ask you if you had seen anything of it, would I?" Wife (nervously looking about)—"Well, don't you know where you lost it?" Husband (jumping up and down with rage): "Don't I know where I lost it? "Oh, yes, certainly. A man would be a fool to lose a collar button and not know exactly where he lost it. I dropped it not five minutes ago up in the northern part of British America. That's just exactly where I lost the collar button, madam!"

Harewood's Ward.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"'Lord Lovel was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree.'"

SO sang a young, clear voice, as its owner entered the handsomely-appointed library of Harewood.

The mouth from which the sounds issued was small, and shaped like Cupid's bow, disclosing between two lips, ruby red, a set of teeth faultlessly white and even; in the eyes' liquid depths a roguish sparkle danced, while round the small, classically-shaped head were massed coil upon coil of hair, which barely escaped a less dignified appellation than auburn.

It was a strange contrast to the black eyes, but the lashes swept a cheek marvellously white and fair, and lent to May Dean almost a dangerous beauty.

"Well, my noble lord," she said arresting her mocking song. "Busy, as usual—or are you cogitating some new grievance Marjorie has been pouring into your attentive ear this morning?"

"Miss Rodney never complains except through compulsion, Beauty, and that you know full well. Why do you give her so much trouble?"

"It is not my fault. The idea of poring over musty books the sedays, which is criminal to spend within doors. I can't help it—indeed, I can't. The flowers seem to beckon me, the birds to call, and, in spite of myself, my thoughts wander. What do I care about revolts in Asia Minor?"

Spite of himself, a smile lurked round the corners of the handsome mouth; but he sought to hide it, as he answered—

"I have had a long talk with Miss Rodney this morning, Beauty, and I have decided to take you with me as far as the Continent, and place you at school for the two years I travel. I shall expect on my return, to find a dignified and accomplished young lady, whom somebody will be very glad to take off my hands, and so rid me of my troublesome ward. I have provided suitably for Miss Rodney. What says your ladyship?"

"That I am not so easily to be disposed of. Oh, guardy, I cannot go away from Harewood."

But, notwithstanding this protest, scarce two months later it was a face on which both sunshine and clouds blended, that was raised for her guardian's good-bye kiss, as he was about to leave her in Madam Clare's care—the sunshine for the alluring excitement of the school-life she had learned already to anticipate; the clouds at bidding farewell to him who stood to her in a father's place.

Certainly his years befitted him for no such dignity, yet his thirty-two summers just doubled the age of the fair girl at his side, placed in his arms by her dying father when she could barely lisp his name; and though the responsibility had been a grave one for such young shoulders, Arthur never had shrunk from it.

He had accepted it first for love of the man who had been to him as a brother, until the little, wilful, spoiled child had grown into his heart and held there a place even he himself dreamed not of.

He had never married. He had asked no woman to help him share his charge, save Miss Margaret Rodney, to whom he offered a liberal remuneration, and who found in Harewood a home and shelter such as she had never hoped for, and who was provided for life when Arthur took May away abroad to school.

* * * * * *

Two years! How long they seem in anticipation, how short in retrospect! May is once more returning to Harewood.

* * * * * *

"How happy I am! It is not a dream?" questioned May, springing from the carriage, which has at last swept round the gravelled drive, almost before it has stopped, into Miss Rodney's outstretched arms, as she stands waiting to receive her; then, with flying feet, in and out of every room, until her own is reached.

On its threshold she stands transfixed. Here a surprise awaits her. Her sitting-room has been transformed into a bower of beauty, her bedroom beyond its fitting mate, while from her boudoir a conservatory had been built, in which bright flowers bloom and birds in gilded cages warble forth a welcome.

Tears are in her large dark eyes as she raises them to her guardian's face, and one, falling on the hand she has clasped in both her own, whispers sweeter thanks than any spoken words.

The months that follow are filled with pleasure, and in it all May is the ruling spirit.

Miss Rodney has gone to her cottage home, and May is free to do as she pleases, and is apparently very happy. Yet unconsciously, almost to herself, a shadow has crept into the bright young life, which rises with her in the morning, pursues her footsteps through the day, and lies down by her side at night, giving her many a troubled dream, soft and downy as is her couch.

She has given it no name—she repudiates its existence; but it is there, and she cannot drive it away.

It follows her one day into the library, where she has been summoned by her guardian.

He rises at her entrance, and draws forward an easy-chair for her reception.

In his hand he holds a letter.

"May," he says—and as from his lips comes the unwonted title, she starts—"young Talbot has avowed to me his love for you, and made a formal and honorable proposal for your hand."

"He says he trusts the assurance that his attachment is not unknown or unwelcome to you may not prove unfounded, and asks my permission to address you."

"Well, and have you given it?" rings out the young voice, scornfully. "If so, you have devolved upon me another unpleasant duty. Mr. Talbot's assurance will then, I trust, meet its fitting rebuke."

Spite of himself, a flash of joy leaped in the man's eyes, but he answered, calmly—

"You have encouraged him, May."

"Must you, then, plead his cause? Are you so anxious to rid yourself of the onerous duties of your guardianship that I must be offered to the highest bidder, every glance carefully inscribed upon your little book?"

"It is because I would not fail in my trust that I have spoken."

"Then speak no more. If any man wants me, let him come to me and I will deal with him."

"Ah, Beauty, would that you thus could deal with me!" mused Arthur, when the door had closed behind her form. "How little did I dream, when I promised you should ever be my first care, the day would come when you would so fill my life! Ah, she little knows the struggle to plead the cause of the men who gather round her standard—the desolation she will leave in my home when all which lends it brightness some other hand has snatched from me!"

Meanwhile, the shadow had followed close on May Dean's quickly flying feet—had pursued her to her own room, where, with barred door, she had at last thrown herself prone upon the bed.

It confronted her now in tangible shape; it cried out against her unwomanliness; it reproached her with giving her heart unsought; it forced her into acknowledgment of a love whose possessor cared so little for it that he could demand it for another, little caring, how gladly it would have flown to his shelter, to nestle for evermore.

Her presence, even, he had wearied of. Of that, at least, she could rid him. Her old nurse, faithful and true, was living still, in a little home of her own. She would go to her, leaving no trace behind.

There was anxious search and sad hearts when May Dean was sought for in vain, until upon her cushion was found a tiny note, which he to whom it was addressed clutched tightly in his strong hold, and went alone in his library to read.

One great fear was at his heart. She had loved someone unworthy of her—someone who had thus tempted her from her home; and he broke the seal with a hand that trembled like an aspen.

"I have gone, guardy. Troublesome to the very last, but as it is the last you will forget me. It will be easy to forget me. I have one faithful friend who will receive me. I shall be well cared for. And you —— Ah, it will be a heavy weight I have lifted from your heart, but I could not go to any other man's home. In asking that, you asked of me too much. "MAY."

"It is all right. Miss Dean was unexpectedly called away, and left word for me to follow."

So the master of Harewood quieted the anxious household and stopped conjecture, as, with hasty preparation, he set forth on his search.

"One faithful friend."

He had not forgotten old Marjorie Rodney, and was soon flying fast as steam could carry him over the road she had traveled so short a time before.

In the dusk of evening the little cottage rose in sight. What if he should be mistaken?

But no; on its verandah he spies the girlish form so dear to him.

His hand is on the gate ere she sees him; then she flees, uncertain what to do, when, too late for flight, he is by her side.

"May, why did you do this thing?"

His anxiety, his suspense have been so great that his voice has in it a ring of sternness, which lends his listener strength.

"I did it because you asked me to marry; because you took upon yourself the part of censor, to weigh my motives, my acts, my words, and dared to pass your judgment upon them. Marjorie is not so. She is glad to have me share her home, and will not—will not"—repeating the words as her voice broke—"ask me to leave her."

"Ah, but I ask it! Child, did you so little know me? Stay if you will; but if you would return with me, it must no longer be as my ward, but as my wife. I have not dared to ask it—a dream that your young life would blend with mine; yet, darling, though my years would double yours, something to-day has wakened hope within my breast. Have you not seen my love—not noted how hard became the guardian's task when he had grown a lover? May, which is it, ward or wife?"

But she, in answer, can only nestle her head on his breast in glad content, while he stoops, at last, to gather the kiss which so long has waited for him on her lips.

NOT INCLUDED.—A young girl of the Canton Schwyz called on a register of marriages, and inquired as to the cost of an official betrothal (putting up the banns). "Two francs," answered the registrar. "That seems a good deal," remarked the applicant. "But never mind. When must I come?" "To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock." Exactly at the hour named the *fiancee*, gayly dressed, put in an appearance, but, to the registrar's surprise, quite alone; he inquired of the young lady how soon her betrothed might be expected. "My betrothed? I thought he was included in the two francs!"

CHINESE WISDOM.

A FEW of the Chinese proverbs may show the character of the people, and their way of thinking, better than any mere description—

"A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it;" "Misfortunes issue out where disease goes in—at the mouth;" "The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole lifetime;" "Disease may be cured, but not destiny;" "A vacant mind is open to all suggestions, as the hollow mountain returns all sounds;" "He who pursues the stag regards not hares;" "If the roots be left the grass will grow again" (this is the reason given for exterminating a traitor's family); "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials;" "A wise man forgets old grudges;" "Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches;" "A bird can roost but on one branch;" "A horse can drink no more than its fill from the river" (Enough is as good as a feast); "When the port is dry the fishes will be seen" (When the accounts are settled the profits will appear); "Who swallows quick can chew but little" (applied to learning); "You cannot strip two skins off one cow." "He who wishes to rise in the world should veil his ambition with the forms of humility;" "The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities;" "Dig a well before you are thirsty" (Be prepared against contingencies); "The full stomach cannot comprehend the evil of hunger;" "Eggs are close things, but the chicks come out at last" (Murder will out); "To add feet to a snake" (Superfluity in a discourse when the subject is ended); "Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it;" "To win a cat and lose a cow" (consequences of litigation); "I will not try my porcelain bowl against his earthen dish" (said in contempt); "He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure;" "Borrowed money makes time short, working for others makes it long;" "Those who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule;" "Early preferment makes a lazy genius;" "Large fowls will not eat small grain" (Great mandarins are not content with little bribes); "The best thing is to be respected, and the next to be loved; it is bad to be hated, but worse still to be despised;" "The poor cannot contend with the rich, nor the rich with the powerful;" "A man's words are like an arrow, straight to the mark; a woman's are like a broken fan;" "One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

A Useful Life Prolonged.

To a reporter of the press, who called on Mr. T. S. Arthur, at his residence in Philadelphia, in order to interview him in regard to some published statements over his name strongly commending Compound Oxygen, that gentleman said:

"Previous to the year 1870 my health had been very poor. For years I had been steadily losing ground in consequence of the constant physical and nervous strain resulting from overwork. I became so exhausted that my family and friends were very anxious about me. Only a few of the most hopeful thought I could live for any considerable time. I was forced to abandon all earnest literary work, and I regarded my career in authorship at an end.

"About this time my attention was attracted to Compound Oxygen as then administered by Dr. Starkey. I had heard of wonderful cures wrought by its agency—so wonderful, indeed, that, had I not known the Doctor personally, and had great confidence in him, I should have been very skeptical on the subject. I tried the Oxygen Treatment first as an experiment. That it would do for me what it has I had not dared hope.

"Its effect was not that of a stimulant, but of an almost imperceptible vitalizer of the whole system. Soon I began to have a sense of such physical comfort as I had not known for years. My strength was gradually returning. This slowly but steadily increased. In a few months I was able to resume my pen, and within six months after doing so I completed one of my largest and most earnestly written books, and this without any return of the old feeling of exhaustion. For more than seven years after this I applied myself closely to literary work, doing, as I believe, the best work of my life.

"Nor was it only in the strength and vitality that I gained by the use of Compound Oxygen. For twenty years I had suffered with frequent paroxysms of nervous headache. They were very severe, lasting usually six or seven hours. In a year after I commenced the Compound Oxygen Treatment these were almost entirely gone. It is now over ten years since I had such an attack of nervous headache. I was moreover, liable to take cold, and I had frequent attacks of influenza, which always left me with a troublesome cough. It is very rarely that I now take cold. When I do so I at once resort to Compound Oxygen, which invariably breaks up the cold in from one to three days.

"I am now seventy-five years of age, and am able to do from three to four hours literary work every day, without exhausting my strength. And for this ability I am indebted to Compound Oxygen."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia.

THE FIRST FORGED NOTES.

IT is somewhat remarkable, that until 1758—a period of sixty-five years from the foundation of the bank of England—no attempt was made to imitate its notes; in other words, bank-note forgery was as yet uninvented. The doubtful honor of having led the way in this particular belongs to one Richard William Vaughan.

There is an element of romance about his story. In August 1757, a gentleman named Bliss, residing in London, advertised for a clerk. Among others, Vaughan, then aged twenty-six, offered himself, and was accepted. He was of good address and education, though he had made but an indifferent use of his advantages. He had started as a linen-draper in Stafford, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; but had failed, and at the time of his engagement by Mr Bliss, was an uncertificated bankrupt.

This, however, his employer was not at first made aware of; and in the meantime, the young adventurer succeeded in winning the affections of a niece of Mr Bliss, a young lady of some expectations. Mr Bliss was induced, after some pressure, to consent to their marriage, conditionally upon Vaughan's first clearing himself from his difficulties and showing that he was in a position to marry.

Vaughan expressed himself as very confident of speedily meeting these requirements; and shortly afterwards announced that his relatives had agreed to lend him a helping hand; that his discharge from bankruptcy would be forthwith granted; and that immediately afterwards he would start afresh in business.

Meanwhile, in support of his assertions, he showed his lady-love, and indeed placed in her keeping, twelve alleged Bank of England notes for twenty pounds each. The wedding-day was fixed for Easter Monday (1758), some three weeks later. In the meantime, however, an engraver, whom Vaughan, under an assumed name, had commissioned to engrave part of the plates for the notes, suspecting something wrong, gave information to the police. Vaughan was arrested, and spent his intended wedding-day in the 'condemned cell,' under sentence of death for forgery.

At the trial, it was urged in his defence that the forged notes were not intended to be put in circulation, but merely to be used as a means of deluding Miss Bliss and her family.

It was shown, however, that the twelve notes deposited formed only a part of those actually printed, and that Vaughan had endeavoured to induce one John Ballingar to cash some of them. The defence therefore failed, and Vaughan was hanged.

AT a brilliant wedding in Boston lately the bridesmaids' costumes were thought to exceed any esthetic combinations devised by the cult in New England. There were four bridesmaids, one dressed in pale pink, another in pale yellow, the third in bright crimson, and the fourth in bright blue. As the gay group passed up the aisle they resembled a bunch of autumn flowers and the effect was decidedly striking, if not entirely harmonious.

Questions Answered ! ! ! !

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of hops ! ! !"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu ! ! !"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c," and they will tell you
Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! ! !

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

Compounded into HopBitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill-health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy ! ! ! ! !

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas!

"Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Recent Book Issues.

"As it was Written," a novel in the press of Messrs. Cassell & Company, is, it is believed, destined to make no ordinary impression. The author, Sydney Luska, is a young New Yorker, and his story is one of the Jewish race. It is not a story in defence of a creed, but is simply a story told for a story's sake.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for September is full of matter interesting to every lover of flowers. Published at Rochester, New York.

St. Nicholas for September has a long and varied table of contents, one of the most attractive features of which is a fanciful tale by Frank R. Stockton, entitled, The Battle of the Third Cousins. A Great Financial Scheme, by Sophie Swett, is a funny story with a good moral. In, S iders of the Sea, C. F. Holder contributes an interesting paper about crabs, and their many curious ways and uses. Henry F. Reddall writes an entertaining article on, Nicknames. Of the serials, Sheep or Silver, is concluded; while both, Driven Back to Eden, by E. P. Roe; and, His One Fault, by J. T. Trowbridge, are working to satisfactory conclusions. Schubert is the subject of the From Bach to Wagner, paper. Edmund Alton tells about Congressional Investigations and Republican simplicity in, Among the Law-makers. The number is well supplied with poems and verses, and the illustrations, which are especially noteworthy, include a full-page engraving direct from nature, by Kingsley; and several other full-page illustrations, besides many smaller drawings by leading artists. The Century Co., New York.

Of greatest public interest among the contents of the September *Century* are General Grant's article on, The Siege of Vicksburg, and a communication from the Gen'l, dated Mt. McGregor, June 22. A supplemental article, A Woman's Diary of the Siege of Vicksburg. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Gen. Grant. The Memoranda on the Civil War embrace, Who Projected the Canal at Island No. 10? by General Schuyler Hamilton; The Charge of Cook's Cavalry at Gaines Mill; Recollections of a Participant in the Charge, by Rev. W. H. Hitchcock; and a continuation of the discussion in regard to General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run, by Major Campbell Brown. Wendell Phillips Garrison, has an illustrated paper, entitled, Connecticut in the Middle Ages. Lieutenant Schwatka's paper on, The Great River of Alaska, which has a special interest, is profusely illustrated. Mr. Howells continues his charming and beautifully illustrated Italian papers with a second article on, Pantorte di Siena. Miss Alice Maud Fenn describes, Among the Red Roofs of Sussex. Edmund C. Stedman writes of, The Twilight of the Poets. Geo. W. Cable takes up the discussion excited by his paper on, The Freedman's Case in Equity. The short story of the number is a war story, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, entitled, Crow's Nest. Henry James' serial, The Bostonians, is continued. The departments of Topics of the Time, and Open Letters, contain much crisp and timely reading. Brie-a-Brac is made up of clever verse, and there are several poems in the body of the magazine. The Century Co., New York.

ECONOMY DOWN EAST.—Probably the most economical man in Essex county resides in West Lynn, observes a Boston paper. He is a hard worker, and three crackers and a half pint of milk is a banquet for him. He occupies his leisure time in quartering matches, and a quarter gross goes a long way in his house. For the benefit of those who cannot understand how a man can divide a match in four parts the following plan is given: Have a thin-bladed penknife; lay the match on a smooth surface, red end pointed toward you; split the match by pressing down upon it with the knife, being careful not to cut across the grain. Long practice has made this fellow so skilful that he rarely fails to make one match do the work of four. Once in a while his wife used to muster up courage to appropriate a chicken from their flock and bake it for dinner. Upon his return home the man, who is so "minking," as some of his neighbors put it, used to open the oven door, take a good, long smell of the fumes arising from the roasting chicken, drink a glass of milk, and go back to work, declaring that he had had "a feast fit for a king." This man had a son and one daughter. The son died leaving about $1000 to the girl, who was but a child. It is said by the neighbors that he actually charged his own daughter for board until the $1000 had found their way to his own bank account.

If instructors would administer to the self-respect of those they instruct by showing that they respect them; if they would glance more lightly over their faults and emphasize their excellences; if they would take pains to honor the faculties they put forth and to draw forth yet latent powers, producing a sense of strength and hope, instead of despair and recklessness, they would often be surprised to find the faults on which they had dwelt so urgently and vainly, dropping insensibly away under the wholesome influence of an increasing force of character. The evil has been overcome with good.

For bilious fevers and malarial disorders use Ayer's Ague Cure. Taken according to directions, its success is guaranteed.

Humorous.

ITS THOUGHTS.

I is a bran-new baby, just two weeks come to town;
My eyes is any color, an' my hair is soft and brown;
The best of it I'se ain't a girl; that makes me crow with joy,
An' I'll show 'em who is master when I'se a bigger boy.

I is the first grand-baby my grandpa ever had!
I'se got a lot of grandmas, but have only one grand-dad,
I'se got a lot of uncles, an' a good big lot of aunts,
Who I guess are very anxious to see me dressed in pants.

But papa says I'm yet too young, and mamma laughs a bit,
Till Rover dog an' baby me finks she must have a fit:
I guess now I will shut my eyes, an' when they see me smile
They'll say "he's gone to slumberland to stay a little while."

—IRENE DANA.

Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

A country seat that always rents—The barbed-wire fence.

"Doctor, what is the best material for a bathing suit?" "A bear skin."

The locks on a door are worn perfectly plain; it is the door that is banged.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

A man in California has two pairs of ears. If he knows on which side his bread is buttered he had better stay single.

Silk socks are cheaper than silk stockings. It seems hardly necessary to explain that they come lower because they do not come so high.

How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft of a vessel while sailing.

A negro, being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "Dat he only came ober dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dor eyes open."

The anti-spiritualists deride the idea that a chair can move, and tip, and dance; but we have been at many a public meeting where the chair made a speech.

An old bachelor would like much to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

Guest: "Waiter, did you say this was genuine turtle soup?" Waiter: "Yes, sir; it was made out of the water of a pond near here in which a turtle was kept last summer."

They didn't pick that stuff quick enough, did they, mamma?" asked a little boy, as he passed a grocery where several cakes of Limburger were taking a breathing spell outside.

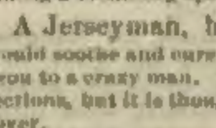
A Jerseyman, having heard that music would soothe and cure insanity, played on an accordeon to a crazy man. The player was picked up in sections, but it is thought that the accordeon will recover.

"Has my client any right?" asked a counsellor, out of patience, of a brother wrangler at the bar. "I know not," was the response; "but one thing is certain—when you get through with him he'll have nothing left."

"How is Jim Bullerd getting on?" asked a stranger at a railroad station of a Dakota town. "Jim kermitted sperside 'bout er month ago," replied a native. "Committed suicide! How did he do it?" "Called me a liar, stranger."

"Talking of dogs," said the Colonel, "talking of dogs—a friend of mine has a Gordon setter. She's the most sympathetic dog I ever heard of. She has the maternal instinct so strong that she has brought up a whole farmyard." "I've known of such cases," said the Judge. "But this is the most extraordinary. There was a hen had a chicken. The hen died, and the chicken was in sore distress. This dog took pity on it and suckled the chicken." "Yes," said the Doctor, "that's curious, but it's not uncommon." "And now," said the Colonel, solemnly, "that chicken barks."

HUMPHREYS'



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By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
HIGHLY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
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5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
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SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopædia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once.
H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

INDIGESTION

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured

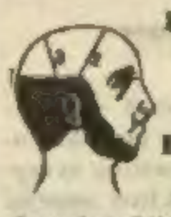
me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
For sale by all Druggists.



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Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's hair.

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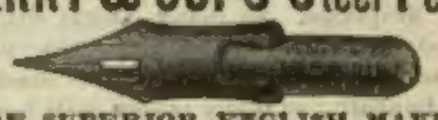

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SOLE AGENTS, 753 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from nervous debility, weakness of body and mind, loss of memory, mental and physical exhaustion.—I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for home cure, free of charge. Address
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND, Osgoodby's Method for Self-Instruction. Price, $1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, $5. Send stamp for Specimen Pages, etc.
W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMAN WANTED SALARY $35 to $50 for our business in her locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

This New Closed Ring 144 New Scrap Pictures and 12 New Hidden Name Cards, all for 15c. worth 25c. New Sample Book and Premium List 4c. F. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

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Two Grand OLEOGRAPHS

Magnificent Art Works! Companion Masterpieces!

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

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"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER,"

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE, FOR THIRTY CENTS.

We offer the readers of THE POST at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing, etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American Artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape; "THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but they are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape, and is full of brooding storm and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream, and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion, to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited, and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil-painting, to apply at once. Address
THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO., 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The least frivolously inclined of womankind are conscious of a certain pleased interest in watching the first dawning symptoms of the coming fashions at this season. The attitude is one of receptivity of the unexpected; and the unexpected must always have a charm. Of course there is no knowledge of details as early as this. But that does not interfere with the interest. The first faint outlines of the salient points are very stimulating to the imagination. Such are the few general features which reach us now,

One of them is to the effect that the bustle will enter, and has already entered abroad, upon a reign such as it has not known before. The tournures of the Parisians are little short of gigantic. What is a very large bustle here is a small one there. Then there are to be a great diminution of back draperies. So many skirts will be plaited straight from the waist, the plaits sustained by the hair, and wire machine from beneath; so many others will flow in simple folds all round. The "ladies' tailors" will turn out cloth dresses with very narrow little draperies just across the front of the figure, flat skirt fronts, narrow and braided in close designs, plaited panels, plaited backs, and bodices sometimes finished with braiding, in Eton jacket manner. This is for the Autumn; the correct dress to wear for September jaunts, for the first cool days in town, for the last days of the dying season.

At mountain and seaside and watering places will be donned with it, a high-crowned round hat of dark straw or light felt, with a very high fan-shaped trimming of velvet knots and bird's wings on the front. Black straw hats and bright red bows and fancy feather mountures are patronized at the different out-of-town resorts for the first cool days that savor of Autumn. On the same occasions there is likewise a display of the exceedingly jaunty jackets, generally of cloth, but sometimes of velvet, with vests attached—which jackets and vests adapt themselves to any manner of skirt. Frequently they are trimmed with a little soutaching in gilt or silver.

A "Havana" brown velvet jacket has a narrow gold braid edging in successive figure 8's, and opens over a tiny vest of white satin fastened by little gilt buttons. Other jackets button only at the collar, and the silk-lined fronts flow back in walking; but a pointed belt, something like a diminutive girdle, clasps the waist and holds the back snugly to the figure.

The invaluable and always graceful little mantles are, in latest importations, suffered to take the jacket shape in front, free, straight and loose, as for instance in a little garment of black velvet, with gold soutaching up the sacque fronts.

The back is of velvet, too; but the sleeves are of velvet embossed grenadine, lines of jet veining the velvet; and they are drawn in with all their fulness to a deep velvet cuff, which has a corresponding dash of gold. For an Autumn carriage and evening wrap there is a long pelisse-shaped garment of black satin with the brightest of roses strewn over the ground; and it seems to open over an underpart in the front, which consists of band of black feather trimming, the depth of one's hand. This feather band goes about the foot, too, and rather full sleeves.

The indispensable ulster, indispensable for travelling at this season and for throwing at a moment's notice over a light dress, is dark brown, navy blue, black, green, lined throughout with sicilienne, plaited from the neck behind, rather loose in the sleeves and held about the waist by a ribbon clasped by a buckle, while the fronts roll over and show their silk facings. This is so much more convenient to draw on and off than the old-time rigorously tight-fitting Newmarket.

Thus everywhere there is apparent that growing tendency toward looser effect which Worth and his compeers have for some times past been pushing forward step by step. One detail of dress travels in inverse ratio to the prevailing law. Matinees, from being loose, have grown tight-fitting. They, too, for the first of the cool mornings offer every inducement of comfort and elegance combined.

They show such deviations from the well worn patterns as these: A matinee of white cashmere brocaded in white silk daisies, flounce of plaited Pompadour about edge and arranged in loose plastron (piece lace) up front, fluttering knots of white satin at throat and against sleeves. Second, matinee of black velvet, trimmed with white Oriental and much after the same idea.

Both garments are cut like longish basques. Other matinees for the coming season have a basque shape, but only semi-fitting, as, for instance, one of white lace over pale pink, the fulness of which lies in plaits behind and in the front is drawn in under a very short strap of pale pink at the waist line.

Full fall of close plaited lace all around and on the sleeves and about the throat. For reception and dinner dresses, during the coming seasons it would appear judging from some of the most recent importations in that line, that ottoman, embossed in velvet and plush designs of extremely pronounced size and pattern, will be in order.

One of these toilets is a dinner dress of deep orange ottoman, with great maroon velvet leaves embossed all over the ground. The train is plain at the sides, the leaves are cut out along their edges and deep "mordore" beads in glistening, iridescent strands fringe the outlines. The bit of front that shows in the plain dull orange ottoman is intricately plaited, with the bronzy strands throwing little sparkling gleams all over it.

At the neck the brocade waist opens, with narrow revers, to give place to a voluminous jabot and plastron in one, all of white lace and arranged with cunning contortions impossible to describe. A second importation—a visiting dress—is of seal brown velvet and ottoman velvet, brocaded, of the same shade.

The front is of the ottoman, narrow and unadorned. The panels are three plaits of velvet, with tabs of ottoman falling from the bodice and fringed with hand-deep strands of seal chenille, satin balls and gold pendants; then, laid against the plaits aforesaid, are applique leaves and flowers, solid and stiff with bronze and gold bullion. The back is of brocade, plaited and hanging straight, the bodice brocade, with a vest seal satin, quite concealed by algullettes of seal and gold.

As another premonition of future things, it is improving to notice a mantle of red velvet, short behind, with a band of Alaska sable across it, having round sleeves similarly trimmed and rather long, square tabs in front, which tabs have an ornament of their own, consisting of a huge fern leaf, with minor leaves and small flowers, made of a superb solid cut jet passementerie. This ornament finishes in a shower of jet beads. For the next four weeks women, particularly young women stopping out of town to enjoy the outdoor sports which are becoming more and more a part of American life, and which flourish as at no other time during our perfect September and early October weather, will be provided, first of all, with a white flannel or flannel-finished serge, bound and trimmed with white silk braid and made in a simple tailor style.

Furthermore, they will wear upon their heads a straight white sailor straw with a wrap of watered ribbon about it. To be thus attired is to have the effect of a thoroughly "swell-looking girl." For darker days there is the navy blue serge or flannel which is always stylish made plain, if faultless in fit, and always effective over a striped petticoat possessing a brightening dash of red. Also, it can be enlivened by a white vest, which is specially nice when the skirt is striped blue and plaited.

Then the dark blue straw hat, faced with velvet, can have, for sole finish, a soft scarf of white surah twisted into a high fan and placed stiffly up in front, with a little gold pin here and there to accentuate it. Linen cuffs and collar, perhaps, with a little blue and red in inconspicuous designs, are worn with dresses of this sort, or the plain ecru "tourist" bands for neck and wrists. There is a rather pretty novelty in neck trimmings suitable only for dresses of a certain degree of elegance or of certain characteristics. It is made of bias folds of white crepe lisse (two of them) and of little loops of tiny colored ribbon—blue, pink, orange, pale mauve—set at inch wide intervals against the same.

For a black silk dress this is a particularly nice finish, giving a dainty and delicate touch of color.

Domestic Economy.

ODDS AND ENDS.—[CONTINUED.]

The sunflower pincushions are intended principally as gifts to gentlemen, as they can be suspended against a wall (in close quarters) or stand on a dressing table. The centre is of brown velvet, padded and round and firm, measuring about 11in. in circumference. To this is sewn on a double frill of yellow flannel or cloth, 3in. deep, cut into deep points, the lower one being a trifle wider than the upper. A strip of one yard forms the frills gathered all round to the velvet centre, which sometimes resembles a small plum pudding. It is easier to sew on the two frills separately, as they stand out better all round. At the back a loop of green satin ribbon, about 14 in. long and 1½in. wide, is firmly sewn as a suspender.

The frills are instead of the folded square pieces of cloth simulating the petals of the sunflower, which were formerly sewn on in making these pincushions, and were more tedious and troublesome. The effect is equally good and the labor considerably less. These sunflowers may be seen suspended over the top or side of a tall screen, pinned to a mantel valance, or resting on a table.

When the pins are closely put in, they are good imitations of the real—at a distance. Smaller ones are now put into a baby's basket, made with a white or yellow velvet centre, and frills of white merino or nun's veiling; others, with pink or blue centres, adorn toilet tables and work-baskets.

Small round baskets have a lining and valance of brown holland, the latter cut out in rounded vandykes, and worked in the centre with a small cluster of daisies, rose buds, forget-me-nots, or some other little flowers. The design is traced in the middle of each vandyke. The tall rough baskets, in the flower-pot shape, with handles, are ornamented with a colored fancy neck scarf passed through one handle beneath the other, and fastened off in a loose twist rather low down.

These can be used for odds and ends of work, or for waste paper, or for real flowers fitted with a tin or jam pot. Some pretty work bags are of satin sheeting, with a raised cluster of padded worsted flowers, such as I have before described, on one side; a draw string placed three inches from the top, and a row of worsted ball fringe down one side only.

They are about 14in. long, and 10in. to 11 inches wide (alterable at will). Holland and colored sateen work bags have a row of ball fringe running from corner to opposite corner, in a slanting direction. Sometimes the bag is in two colors, joined beneath the ball fringe. The ball fringe is very cheap, and can be had in several varieties. Bags composed of a plush base, put over a stiff lining, about a quarter of a yard square, have the upper part of tussore silk joined nearly to the plush in small flat plaits. The draw string of ribbon is of the color of the plush.

Lamp shades of painted muslin, edged with lace, tied round the neck with shades, such as have been fashionable for so long, are now decorated with a stuffed bird pecking at a cluster of imitation currants, cherries, or apricots.

Macrame is to be seen again, and some of it has pearls worked in, in a clever and effective way. Turkey-red applique Baden work is occasionally put on to straw wash-stand splashers with advantage. The design is worked in the usual way, first on linen, and then cut away near the edges, laid on to the basket work, and appliqued by the long "spiked" stitches passed in and out with a strong needle.

The applique is first tacked into place by red thread. To the many Baden workers this outlet for the new adaptation of the applique may be well received.

Some memorandum frames, for hanging on walls or placing against the back of a writing-table, are made of olive plush, gummed on to stiff millboard, with three rings fixed tightly on for holding invitation cards, and one long card nailed on at the four corners, for writing engagements or memoranda on.

The cards push in behind the rings and remain firm; they are placed one above the other down one half of the plush front, while the long card occupies the other half. A lining is neatly gummed on the back. The whole thing measures about 11in. long and 9½in. broad. The engagement card is 4in. wide and 7½in. long.

A ribbon loop or a gilt ring suspends the whole. It is quite easy to make if a lady has neatness and a slight knowledge of paste and nails. Some perambulator and pony carriage rugs of holland have a flight of swallows worked across them, copied and enlarged from a design on a pretty and popular Christmas card, wide circulated.

Queen covers, blotters, and nightdress cases are ornamented in the same style. Bassinettes are sometimes done up with the popular flowered muslin, festooned with lace and ribbons, and are a change from the usual style. The satin coverlid has a few flowers worked in silks in the centre.

Mocha Syrup.—With a half pound of Mocha coffee make one pint of clear coffee; melt one and a half pounds of loaf sugar in the preserving pan. Add the coffee to it; boil together a few minutes; when cool, bottle for use. If it is desired to keep syrups from year to year, they must have more than an equal weight of sugar to the juice. Made by the first recipe given, they keep for years. The kernels may be strained from the syrups, if preferred; but I think that they much improve the flavor after the syrups have been kept.

Blackberry Jam.—See that the fruit is fresh, as the least acidity will bring to naught all of the preserver's labor, and small fruits gathered in hot weather need particular care in this respect. After carefully picking out any bits of stem, trash, or leaves that may be adhering to your berries, weigh them, and to each pound of fruit add half a pound of nice brown sugar (extra C, say); put the berries on, however, by themselves, with a small cup of water to a large kettleful of fruit; cook them, stirring frequently, until the fruit seems to be reduced to a solid mass almost; then add the sugar, and half an hour's longer cooking will be sufficient.

Some persons add a little powdered ginger for flavoring, but more frequently they are left without seasoning, and are greatly liked in most families for puffs, at the tea table and for rolls.

Confidential Correspondents.

H. H.—The lowest denomination of United States bonds is $50. 2. Send certified check to a broker with instructions. 3. They fluctuate sometimes as much as one per cent in a month.

STUDENT.—The sound of thunder may be heard for twenty or five-and-twenty miles. With the ear to the ground, much more. Lightning is reflected for one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles.

D. L.—A young gentleman who has not sufficient ability to originate or quote "a few lines suitable for a gentleman to write in a lady's album," should leave the writing in albums to men who have a talent for such business.

F. P.—We never had any experiences with "fleeting girls," and so do not know how to manage them; but we have heard it said, that if a lover finds that he has become betrothed to a flirt, the best way to cure her is to go vigorously into the same line of business himself.

CURIOUS.—The existence of the continent of America was known to the Scandinavians, who discovered Iceland and Greenland in the 9th century, forming settlements in those countries. The word America comes from Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine traveler, who sailed in several expeditions, and published a map.

BRIAR.—Smoking certainly does not cause the teeth to decay; neither does it prevent them from decaying. You ought to seek the advice of a dentist if you cannot account for this early decay of the teeth. But if you are at all troubled with indigestion, then you may know that it arises from the disordered state of the stomach, and you must take medicine accordingly.

O. P.—It is useless for you to attempt to fight against the eternal principles of truth, religion, and justice. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is a command which must be obeyed; and he who disobeys it is certain to come to grief. Your arguments, as you call them, are mere selfish reasons. Atone for your past misconduct, and do right for the future and then you may hope for peace and contentment; not otherwise.

ELLEN.—We really do not know what advice to give you. If your parents will not consent to your marriage with the young gentleman, it is impossible for us to tell you how to persuade them to the contrary. Are you sure that your parents are not right in thus inexorably refusing their assent to the match? Of course we cannot judge accurately on the point; but we enjoin you to envisage it in all its bearings and ponder it most seriously.

V. R.—Long eyelashes are seldom preserved in this country after thirty years of age, because their growth is neglected. In women, as well as in men, they constitute a beautiful feature, and add greatly to the expression of the eyes and eyebrows. If examined through a microscope when they begin to decline the extremities will be found split. If these extremities clipped with scissors every six weeks, not only will the long eyelashes be preserved, but they will increase in strength, and assume the curve so becoming to a beautiful pair of woman's eyes. By this practice long eyelashes may be retained to an advanced period of life.

HILTON.—We are indebted to Shakspeare for the "Sermons in stones" phrase and idea. The passage occurs in the opening of Scene I., Act II., of "As You Like It," wherein the banished Duke, who is living in the Forest of Arden, discourses after this wise:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

PUPIL.—When the young ladies of a school intend to make their preceptress a present, as a proof of their affectionate esteem, the nature of the gift must depend very much on the amount of money subscribed to purchase it. On the point you have said nothing. Your subscriptions may, therefore, for anything we know, be two or ten pounds. But for either of those sums, or any intermediate amount, a ring might be purchased. Or if the sum be small, then we should suggest a work-box, or writing-desk, or church-service, or some well-bound books. The handwriting is very genteel and pretty.

JOHN.—It would be rather harsh to say that "nobody ought ever to be implicitly trusted;" but it is proper to say that every matter of business should be rightly done or conducted on business principles. If you choose to place your money in the hands of a friend, without security, or even without any evidence of the deposit, you of course have the right to do so; but you have no right to speak of the affair as a business transaction. Such a proceeding is utterly unbusiness-like; it has no mark of business about it; it is simply an act of blind stupidity performed under the influence of sentimental friendship. The loss of your money (as in the melancholy case which you mention) follows almost as a matter of course.

E. S. T.—You have been misinformed; the Chinese are remarkable for their filial attachment. Some of the Chinese have carried it so far as to retain their father's bodies for three or four years in their own houses; and impose upon themselves a number of humiliating duties, using no other seat during the day but a stool covered with white serge, and no other bed but a plain mat made of reeds, which is usually placed near the coffin. The generality of them have such a profound veneration for the burial-places of their ancestors, that no consideration can induce them to travel in remote parts of the world; and they seem to despise those of their country who, for the sake of trade or other causes, go to reside in Sanda, or the adjacent islands, because they imagine that these men must leave their bones in unhallowed ground.

BETTY.—The popular Irish tradition attributes to the Blarney Stone the power of endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet, persuasive, wheedling eloquence, so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is generally termed Blarney. This is the true meaning of the word, and not, as some writers have erroneously supposed, a faculty of deviating from veracity with an unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient. The curious traveler will seek in vain the real stone, unless he allows himself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty Castle, when he will discover it about twenty feet from the top. As the kissing of this would be somewhat difficult, the candidate for Blarney honors will be glad to know that at the summit, and within easy access, is another real stone, bearing the date 1703.